

LWL-LIFE

DECEMBER
1918



COMMENCEMENT
ISSUE



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THE
L-W-L LIFE

LICK
WILMERDING
LUX

COMMENCEMENT
DECEMBER, 1918



VOLUME FOUR

NUMBER ONE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

To the Team and to that Loyal
Lick - Wilmerding Spirit which
brought Victory to our Alma
Mater on Ewing Field October
Twelfth, Nineteen Hundred and
Eighteen, this volume is dedicated



In Memoriam



Helen Quanstrom
Class of 1919

July 12, 1899

December 3, 1918

To her class and classmates she was sweet and pure, loyal
and true:

To her dearest friend—she was the dearest friend:

To the lad whom she loved—she was altogether lovely:

To her mother and father—she was everything worth while,
a treasure beyond all price.

And

When in the cold morning her weary body could bear no
more and her lovely eyes closed, her bright spirit
returned to Him who gave it.

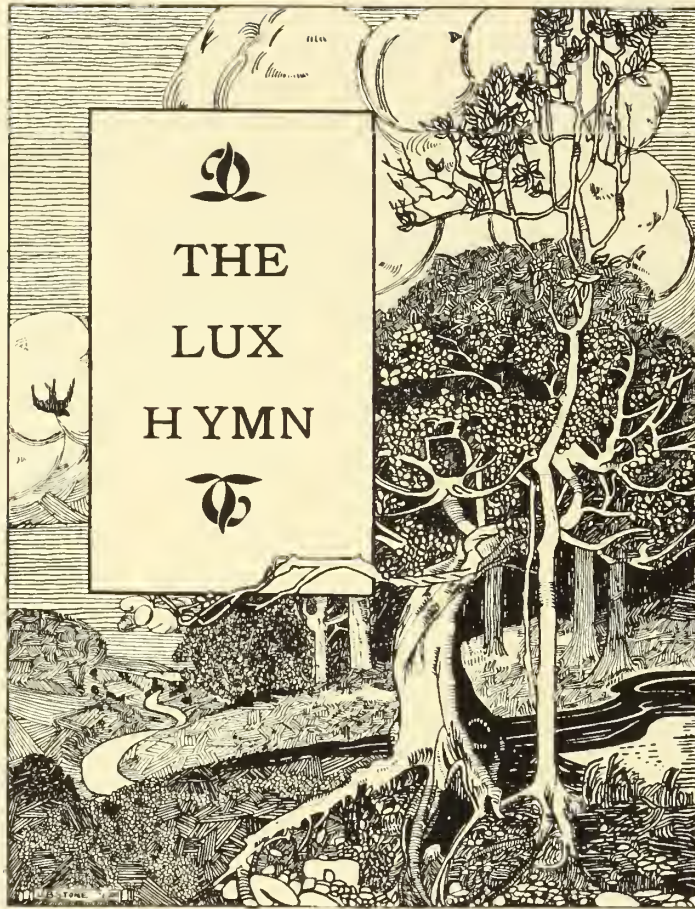
Her task is finished, her little joys and sorrows ended.
Weep not for her, dear lads and lasses. All is well
with her.

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H. Lotrenz '15x



Our colors glorious, fair white and gold,
'Neath those emblems we have blessings untold.
Strong, true and loyal hearts sing of thy fame,
Lux School, our light, our way, hail to thy name.

Your light victorious, shining afar;
Through the darkness, be our guiding star.
Our colors glorious, lead us aright,
This pray'r we bring to thee:—"Let there be light."

Blest founder of our school, to us endeared,
Through the years your name will live revered,
Proud of the name of "Lux," Light of the West,
Thy loyal daughters rise and call thee blest.



LITERARY



A Block—L-W

BEATRICE BARRANGON, '20 J.

THE first half of the big game was over—the score a tie. In the bleachers the spectators were divided in two colorful groups. The Red and White were gathered in the grandstand, and their school yells reverberated from the walls. The Black and Gold, with a spirit no amount of water could quench, stood out in the rain and followed with their voices the violent motions of a slender black and gold figure on the rail.

Ralph and Dick stood on the sidelines. They both looked rather glum; Ralph, because the game was so dangerously close, and Dick, because he was the star backfield "sub" and would go on if a "back" was knocked out.

Ralph greatly envied Dick in his opportunity to fight for the school, but he said nothing. He knew he would never receive a block for winning fame for Lick. He limped when he walked, and although he argued well, he stuttered incurably.

As for Dick—he didn't care. The school held no interest for him. The two were inseparable companions, but Ralph never could understand Dick's attitude, and Dick never explained.

The whistle blew for the kick-off. Dick cracked a feeble joke and the two laughed heartily. Then they fell silent again, Ralph watching the game and Dick hoping that he would not be obliged to play. He had been "lucky" so far. Not a man in the backfield had been out in the previous games—but this was a fight from the start. Dick sighed and wished he were a mile away.

He hadn't wanted to play football—or anything else—in the first place. The draft, plus Ralph, was the cause of it all. Some ingenious person, seeing the school activities wane, had proposed a "draft" in which every fellow must "enlist" in some organization. Dick would have joined the Glee Club or the Orchestra, but he could not carry a tune nor even play a jewsharp. Camera Club? He had no camera. Debating was out of the question—his knees shook when he recited in class. Athletics remained, and with one glance at Dick's compact figure, broad shoulders, and rippling muscles, the coach said—"Football". Dick started to refuse politely but emphatically to sign up, but the coach had a Wynne-ing way and within ten minutes Dick had promised to come out to the first practice. After that Ralph kept him at it. He knew just what to say to make Dick "fighting mad," and Dick, angry with himself and everything in general, would stamp out to practice with clock-like regularity.

After what seemed a century to Dick, and a second to Ralph, the whistle blew again. "Time out!" Men with dripping buckets raced across the field. "Lick man out! Give 'im six!" Heartening shouts from the Black and Gold rooters, then a panic-stricken silence. Their best man out.

The coach beckoned to Dick. Ralph gripped Dick's arm. Dick wheeled about and for an instant the two looked straight in one another's eyes. Ralph's eyes pleading, imperative: "You must fight! Put it over!" Dick answered, almost reluctantly: "I will, old man, for you!" Then Dick flung off his coat. The two shook hands, grinning sheepishly.

Dick took his place on the field and awaited his opportunity. There was a lively

scrum and soon he had the ball safely under his arm. He jumped clear of the red sweater clad men, dodged, twisted, and ran at top speed for the goal. The grass was slippery and he lurched forward. Just as he regained his balance a Lowell man tripped him and Dick fell face down on the ball. They closed above him—legs with black and gold socks, and legs with red and white. Dick closed his eyes, and his ears rang with the battle-cry: "You must fight! You must fight! For Ralph!" Then there were no more muddy feet nor colored socks, only darkness. Dick opened his eyes. His hands were empty. They were sponging his face. In the bleachers the fellows were still shouting. Dick heard his name and flushed with the glory of it all. He scrambled to his feet and started for the ball again.

The next few minutes were hard for the Lick team. They fought like tigers, but the ball came closer and closer to the fatal goal. Thirty-yard line! Twenty-five-yard—ten—five-yard line! The Lowell rooters were wild with joy. If Lowell scored again the game was theirs.

Something snapped. Somebody fumbled. The ball traveled from one Tiger to the next. Confused, baffled, the Lowell men plunged after it only to clutch at space. Then it was passed to Dick.

Just a black and gold streak across the field. Ralph breathed with great sobs of joy. He knew that Dick would not fail.

The Lowell men started in pursuit. They were closing in on him. The fellows and girls in the bleachers panted with excitement and clutched their pennants.

Dick clenched his teeth tighter and clung to the ball. He must put it over! For Ralph! He fell. But the ball was over.

Dick patted the pigskin lovingly and tossed it to the referee. Ten seconds more. Slowly the captain measured the distance. His foot shot out and the ball rose steadily between the goal posts. The pistol cracked. The game was won.

* * *

For quite three minutes Ralph's room in the Ginn House had been very still. Dick, red-faced and blustering, Ralph, white with anger, faced each other. Then the silence was broken.

"What d-d-did I d-do to w-win a b-b-block?" demanded Ralph, stuttering worse than ever. "You did the w-w-work."

"What do I want with a block?" retorted Dick. "Ole pieces o' felt!"

"You w-won 'em," Ralph said doggedly.

And it was then that Dick impolitely turned his back and stared at the wall opposite. On the spot where Dick's eye rested hung a framed "motto". In sparkling gilt curlicues and emerald green it advised:

"Work and love your work.

That's the lucky quirk,

For work and love of work soon win success.

Try the quirk some day,

Make that day to-day,

And ere long you will see how swiftly you progress."

Dick read the motto twice, then he fished the felt symbols from his pocket and spread them out on his hand. Dick was not "much" on arithmetic, but as he stood looking at the letters, L-W, with the words of the motto running through his mind, he put two and two together with creditable rapidity.

"Say, listen!" he said for the tenth time that afternoon.

"I d-don't want to hear another w-word," declared Ralph, his nose in the air.

For answer Dick grabbed him by the arm and led him to the motto. "Read that," he commanded. Ralph obeyed. "Well—what about it?"

"Say, listen! Don't you see? L-W—Love—Work!" Dick pointed to the motto and dangled the letters before Ralph's eyes.

"Well?" said Ralph patiently.

"I admit doing the work, but I never loved the school nor the game either. Now it's as plain as day to me. You get the L for loving the work and I keep the W for the work itself."

There was a long pause. Ralph was the first to speak.

"I can't see ——"

"Oh, here!" said Dick impatiently. "Take this half of our block and let's celebrate with some pie 'a la mode' at Pappas'. My treat!" And they did.

A Tribute

GRACE MORIARTY, '19 J.

To you—who made for us that offering,
Which on this earth all must admit supreme;
Who gave your lives—a willing proffering,
To save mankind from autocratic scheme.

To you—who held so far above the sacred light
Of Right and Truth—life's only gifts
That He has left with us to keep.
To you—whose very Death uplifts
Our lives, on you our blessings heap.

To us—who could not do the part we longed to do;
Who tried in vain to ease the bitter pain
Of yours, which all the time we knew.
To us—is left to keep and to sustain
Those gifts—that you may not have died in vain.

And you who fought—so valiant to the death,
Who gave us back the gifts that were at stake,
Be not afraid that we with every breath
That ever in our future lives we make
Will not complete the work that you began.
For you—who 'woke in us the holy fire of hate,
'Gainst all that rules alone to selfish ends;
For you—this tribute—and we know 'tis not too late,
For you to hear its message that we send.

Before and After

DOROTHEA HOPKINS, '19 J.

“A W! You wouldn't do it,” said Bob.
“Why shouldn't I ask Elizabeth to the Senior Farce?” demanded Lewis.

“Well, in the first place,” explained Bob, “you have never taken a girl out, have you? You don't know how to dance, and besides I think I'll take her myself.”

The nine o'clock bell rang, so the discussion came to a close.

Bob thought that the very idea of Lewis taking a girl out was a huge joke, so he spread the news. By noon it was all over school.

During the Spanish period Lewis wrote Elizabeth a note, inviting her to the Farce. She accepted and Lewis was proud to have gained his first step.

After school he met Bob and told him, rather boastingly, that Elizabeth had promised to go with him to the Farce. Bob was rather surprised, but quickly said, “Bet you a buck you don't see her after the Farce. She'll be dancing while you are sitting off in a corner somewhere. She'll use you very conveniently, won't she?”

Lewis flushed hotly and replied, “All right, Bob, I'll take you up on that?”

When alone, Lewis took a solemn oath to master the art of onestepping.

That evening he sneaked out of the house, on the pretense of going to the library; he took the car downtown and got off at a popular dancing academy. Once inside, he lost all of his boldness and shrunk into a corner, afraid to stir. He watched the dancing intently and it all looked easy. Just simple steps—nothing fancy. Tomorrow night, yes, surely tomorrow night, he would collect all his courage and try it. But—these lessons would be expensive, and where could he get all the money? Now is the time to begin.

Next noon he ate one “hot dog” instead of his customary three. Also he went without his pie and cone. He explained to the fellows that he was not hungry. However, his mother noted no decrease in his appetite. In fact, she marveled at the amount he stowed away.

The two weeks before the Farce passed quickly and Lewis thought with a sinking heart, “Tomorrow night is the Farce. Oh! if Elizabeth weren't such a good dancer it wouldn't make so much difference——”

After the play was over Lewis was silently waiting, waiting for what?

“Too bad you don't dance,” ventured Elizabeth.

“What?” demanded Lewis sharply.

“Do you dance?” asked Elizabeth.

“Why, of course, and I have the first three with you.”

Elizabeth was silent and stared blankly ahead. Had not Bob told her distinctly that Lewis didn't know the first thing about dancing?

The music started. “Blue Bird Waltz,” and—

“Look, fellows,” exclaimed Bob, excitedly. “Look at Lewis dance! Well, I'll be — — —”

Lewis had every dance with Elizabeth. Both danced exceedingly well, both enjoyed themselves immensely and made an ideal couple.

The next day Lewis was a dollar richer than before, because Bob paid off his bet saying, “Lewis, you gave me the surprise of my young life. I never thought you had it in you. Congratulations, old man, going to take her to the Alumni Dance?”

Neptune's Chariot

W. ANDERSON, '20 J.

JOE and I were returning from a trip to the far east on board Captain Thomas' square rigger, the "Flying Cloud." We came through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean, and after spending a few days at Gibraltar we had started for home. At first the winds were favorable, but as we neared the Sargasso Sea, the wind failed us completely, so that for nearly two weeks we had lain practically at a standstill in the open sea.

Now there is nothing more tiresome at sea than a long calm, and after we had spent a day or two in slushing down the masts and rigging, the time for most of the crew began to hang heavily. Since this was the first time that Joe and I had ever been in these waters, in spite of the lack of wind and the lifeless sails flapping idly against the yards, we found much of interest in our surroundings. In the first place, as far as the eye could reach, the ocean was covered with acres and acres of sea plants, rising and falling with the swell of the sea. Joe and I busied ourselves, collecting numbers of specimens to take home with us. Then, too, there were porpoises, which seem to take a keen delight in following a vessel and playing about it. Besides these, there were bonitas, shaped like a mackerel but about three or four times as large, and among the swiftest fish in the sea. To watch them flashing alongside the boat in the early morning, their bright-hued bodies changing with all the colors of the spectrum, was one of the events of the day.

But, after a week of calm, with nothing new at all, the monotony of the situation began to affect both Joe and me. So one morning after breakfast, I went to the cook, who happened to be a good friend of mine, and asked him if he knew of anything we could do to amuse ourselves. He considered the question for a moment and then said, "Yes, I'll tell what to do. Go fishing."

I was not much excited, for I knew that there was not a fishing hook on board, and I told him so. He then described a grappling hook that was in the ship's storeroom. He told me to get permission from the captain to get this hook and about four or five fathoms of light chain. This I did, and came back with the desired gear.

The cook slipped a piece of pork over the hook, tied it there, and then told me to go forward and hang it over the bow and that inside of a half an hour I would have a porpoise. Joe and I went above and made the end of the chain fast to the boat's bowsprit. Holding onto the stays I dangled the hook, with its bait, along the surface of the water, just in front of the bow. The cook's prediction proved correct. Before we realized it, a huge porpoise shot out of the water, and an instant later, the bait disappeared in his mouth. Joe and I managed to pull him alongside with his head just clear of the water. Very soon the porpoise began to behave rather wildly and his thrashing back and forth actually made the ship tremble. At once all hands came forward to see what the commotion was, and later, Captain Thomas arrived on the scene and told us to get a rope about the tail of the fish before he hurt himself. Aided by the crew, it was easy to slip a line around the tail of the sea pup. When we had him safe and sound, the first mate asked what we were going to do with him. Before we had

time to speak, Captain Thomas answered for us, by turning to Joe and me, saying, "Why don't you harness him up, boys, and take a ride in the ship's dinghy?"

The skipper showed us how to harness him, by slipping a rope around the porpoise's nose for a collar, tying a line to each side of the collar for traces, and fastening them to the dinghy. He explained how to guide the fish by steering the boat, so that he would go wherever we steered him.

As soon as the harness was completed, we were ready to start. Joe was to do the steering, the mate tossed me the line that was still made fast to the porpoise's tail, and we were off.

We did not make an impressive start, for the big fish, after swimming about a hundred yards, came to a sudden stop, but by banging the tin bailer in the boat against the rail, I frightened him into starting off a faster pace, and soon we were driving around the vessel at about eight knots an hour. Finally he came to a halt when he were about a mile away from the ship. I said to Joe, "He's a good old horse, now you watch me pat him on the back and tell him what a fine steed he is."

At this Joe began to laugh, and balancing himself by the steering oar, he stood up in the stern to see the fun, while I pulled gently on the traces, and was soon close enough to put my hand on the shining back of the porpoise. I had begun to say, "Good old nag—", when apparently he became offended and started off at a greater pace than ever, giving the boat such a jerk, that Joe, weak from laughter, was thrown off his balance and before he could recover himself, plunged into the sea. When he came to the surface, I was about one hundred yards from him, doing all I could to stop the porpoise, but it was in vain. I could not steer the boat because the oar had fallen out with Joe. After finding that the porpoise's strength was far superior to mine, I tried to turn him around, by tying a piece of rope to the bailer and throwing it alongside the head of the porpoise. This worked fine, for the porpoise changed his course and was gradually heading for Joe. Then, as if sensing trouble, he stopped dead short in his course, so I stood up and yelled to Joe to swim to the boat. All of a sudden I saw a fearful commotion in the water. Joe went down, came up again, and then, about a dozen feet away from him, the fin of a shark cut the water.

I felt at a loss to know what to do. If I left the boat, the porpoise would swim away and leave me and Joe alone to drown. I couldn't move my old "horse" at all now. I knew somehow or other I must rescue Joe, so tipping the boat over enough to fill it partly with water, so that it would be too heavy for the porpoise to drag, I swam out for Joe.

I felt tired and weak when I reached him. I got my nerve again and told him to put his hands on my shoulders and splash with his feet while I swam to the boat. It was a long, hard swim back, for quite often Joe was too weak to keep on splashing, and I expected to hear his death shriek or else fall a victim myself to the shark's jaws. I could hardly see; my eyes were filled with salt water; then faintly—somewhere off in the distance—I heard a shout and then all was blank. When I awoke I found Joe and myself in the ship's long boat, back to life and safety.

It took but a moment to overtake the dinghy, and bail her out. Then the mate cut the porpoise loose, and with a mighty "whoosh" Neptune's steed shot down into the depths of the Sargasso Sea.

This Is The Life

MARY BARBICH, '19 J.

RALPH JONES sat in the study room, fourth period of a day in the last week of school. The window on his right was open and the air of early summer caused his mind to drift in places far from the monotony of the school ground. He was thinking where he would be in just three days more. He drew a telegram from his pocket which he had read about ten times before, so that he knew it by heart.

Petaluma, Calif.,

Send Ralph here for vacation. Letter with further details
will follow. JIM.

The sixteen-year old boy settled comfortably into his seat while the teacher, blackboard and his fellow-students faded into a delightful scene on the chicken farm.

Ralph pictured an ideal farm about one hundred acres with all kinds of berries, fruit trees, chickens, vegetables and above all a swimming creek. He had not been to the country for two years because of the sudden death of his father. He was forced to go out for himself to work during vacation. But now he had saved enough so that this year he could go; no more boss would tell him to get to work; no more rush; no more stepping on toes in a car; no more punching the clock or eating cold sandwiches during the months of July and August.

Of course he knew he would have to rise earlier in the morning, but then there would be so much for him to do that he would not notice it. He thought of that wonderful creek and how he could go swimming every day, hunt birds' nests, go shooting and play with other boys. How at night he would go rowing with a crowd of boys and girls with their ukes and mandolins and sing over the old songs along with the popular. Oh! it was just wonderful to have an uncle who owned a farm and wanted his nephew to visit it.

The ringing of the bell at the end of the study period brought Ralph's mind back to school.

Three-thirty found Ralph home. On the stairs he met the mail carrier and received a letter addressed to Mrs. Jones, postmarked from Petaluma. He knew instantly it was from Uncle Jim. He carried it to his mother, who noticing how excited he was, told him to read the letter. Ralph tore the envelope and read it aloud:

"Dear Sister:

"No doubt you were very much surprised to receive my telegram. The farm is so productive and I expect such enormous returns this year that Ralph would be very much of a help to me.

"This is just the kind of a place in which a boy of Ralph's age will find himself at home. We milk the cows six in the morning, and after Ralph has been with me for a few days I will give him full charge of the milking.

"At seven we have breakfast, mush with rice, canned cream, biscuits and coffee. To digest his meal Ralph can wash and wipe the dishes. At

eight I will allow him to ride to town with me in my Ford. There I get the newspapers, mail, and a few other things for the home. When we return Ralph can wash the automobile, polish the lights and fill the tank. Before lunch all he will have to do will be to pick a bucket of blackberries, help the cook and set the table.

"Our lunch consists of rolled oats with cream, stew, tea, and baked apples. My only fear is that he will grow too fat and as he is very fond of athletics, such an unhappy condition might interfere with his further success in sports. After lunch he can again wash and wipe the dishes. I guarantee by the time he returns home he will be an expert in that occupation. Until three o'clock he can search for eggs, kill fowl for market, paint the garage and whitewash the fence. Then until four o'clock he may go swimming. However, before going, he must pick a couple of buckets of blackberries and prepare them for market, feed the cows and hogs and after supper he may sprinkle the garden. On Sunday the only thing he has to do will be to make the ice cream. I shall look for him at the station here Sunday evening. Your loving brother.

JIM.

That night the neighbors of Mrs. Jones, upstairs and down, had occasion to bless the invention of the auto-piano. Someone in Mrs. Jones' parlor was giving a ferocious rendering of that charming little ditty:

"I love the cows and chickens,
But this is the life."



How O'Flaherty Spent the Night

BEATRICE BARRANGON, '20 J.

DENNIS O'FLAHERTY shifted his feet and smiled an embarrassed smile. The stout, rosy-faced police judge leaned back in his chair and tapped his pencil against his white teeth.

"Well," said he, "what's your trouble?"

"Sir-r?" said O'Flaherty, with rising inflection.

"What's the difficulty?" repeated the judge.

"Trespassing in Twin Peaks Tunnel, your Honor," put in the officer with a voice that made the offense seem a crime to the bewildered O'Flaherty.

"What were you doing there?" asked the judge.

"Faith, sir-r, Oi'm not knowing thot mesilf," returned O'Flaherty with a confiding smile, "Might Oi be spakin' to yer Honor, confidinshul-like?"

The judge leaned forward over the desk and O'Flaherty, on his tiptoes, whispered to him. The officer coughed discreetly, the judge tipped back in his swivel-chair and chuckled softly. He and O'Flaherty shook hands with the "brotherhood" grip. He dismissed the officer and the two Irishmen, prisoner and judge, were soon comfortably installed in the judge's private office.

After a few puffs, O'Flaherty began to tell of his night's adventures and this is the story he told:

"Well, sir-r," began O'Flaherty, "'twas this voi. Oi had spint a merry evenin' wit a coople o'frinds in toon and 't was up'ards o' one o'clock whin Oi boarded the last car fur home and mithier. Ye must know that Oi reside in Noe strate, an' whin Oi joodged thot we had arroived at thot strate Oi got off the car-r an' star-rted to walk to me house. Instid of the coostumary strate loight there was millyuns o' loights, but wit th' peace celybrashuns so near, Oi decided they were only expreshuns o' joy. Whin Oi had gone a few shteps the loights went out. T'was dar-rk as me pocket an' Oi met not a soul.

"Oi walked an' Oi walked an' 'fore long Oi sor me own doorwa'. Bein' so near home an' seein' a loight Oi decoided to wait 'til the Missus wint t'bed an' toined th' loight out. Oi looked across at me frind Dinty's house an' the loight there was out, so Oi concluded thot Dinty wuz home and in bed.

"Whoile waitin' Oi tuk a short walk. Afther Oi had walked about half an hour Oi returned an' there wuz no loight. Oi troid t' foind the kay-hole but shlipped awoi. Thin' Oi rang the bell, and Oi rang an' Oi rang an' nary a soun'. Thinks Oi, 'Maybe't is the wrong house.' So Oi walked farther on, an' looks for the noom-ber ower the door. Faith, 'twas too dar-rk t' see onythin'. Well, Oi tried th' next door but there wuz no answer, and Oi decoided that th' ither house wuz me aun. So Oi wint back t' me doorwa but it wuz th' same as the ither. Thin Oi walked along the strate an' ivery tin stips there wuz me aun doorwa' before me; but me kay would not fit an' Oi could not decoide wich was me aun home an' which the next door. So Oi walked an' Oi walked an' Oi counted sivinty-sivin o' them doorwa's an' thin Oi crossed the strate to Dinty's an' walkin back Oi counted sivinty-foive o' Dinty's houses, an' boy that toime Oi was so bewildered thot Oi cud not foind the first doorwa' nor

the last. Then Oi sot doon on the sidewalk to conseeder th' propysishun. Me common sinse towled me thot there was one rale doorwa' an' sivinty-six doorwa's o' me imaginashun. So Oi reasoned thot as it was imposhibul to stand in a doorwa' thot wuz th' child o' me Celtic imaginashun, Oi tho't, the boy attemptin' t' shtand in aich o' th' doorwa's in toorn Oi would evenchually foind th' rale wan. So Oi walked a few shteps and shtood in a doorwa' an' Oi cud shtand in it so t'was rale, but bein' unable t' open th' door Oi sot down an' closin' me oiyes, dropped ashlope. Fur a few owers Oi shlaped in paice, but soodenly Oi wuz wakened boy a turrible rumblin' an' a huge gray monster dashed oop a' me. Oi hid in th' doorwa' fur the monster had only wan oiye an' Oi hoped 't wud look th' ither woi. Boy the grace o' Saint Pathrick it rooshed past me. Oi troid to shlope agin, but afore Oi cud close me oiyes along comes anither monster an' this wan shtopped boy me an' thin a man shteped out o' th' monster's mouth an' toiken me boy th' collar dragged me deshpite me shtruggles into th' monster's insoides. Faith, 'twas most belike Jonah an' th' Whale. 'Twas brilliyuntly loighted insoide, but weery o' me noight's travel an' sick wi' desh-pair Oi fell ashlope an' 'twas all Oi remimber 'til Oi sor ye sir-r. An' faith, Oi've not been near th' toonel, fur Oi spint th' noight in me aun doorwa' wi' sivinteen doorwa's identical wid it on wan soide an' fifty-noine on th' ither! Now, sir-r-r, how cud Oi ha' been in Twin Pakes Toonel? Will ye answer me thot?"

The Dachshund

B. HEBGEN, '22 J.

THE dachshund, commonly known as the stove-pipe dog, is Germany's master-piece in the dog line. He is a long, flexible canine and is made by grafting the fore and hind quarters of an ordinary black and tan dog on a large liverwurst. Science, thus far, has only succeeded in producing liverwursts about two feet long, but in time this record will undoubtedly be improved until eventually dachshunds will be produced which will take several minutes to pass the reviewing stand and will wear pony trucks under their fifteen ribs.

The dachshund has a long, sharp nose, very bright eyes and a healthy contralto bark. His tail is thin enough to be used as a pipe cleaner, and his long expressive ears dangle down into the pan at dinner time. Like the "American" automobile, the dachshund is underslung and has very little road clearance. He has only about three inches of leg on each corner and it is difficult for a young dachshund to tell at first glance whether he is standing up or laying down. Because of his abbreviated and badly located legs, the dachshund is not a good traveler and is forever tripping over pebbles and grassblades and running his nose into the ground. Nature has, in fact, given him such incompetent understanding that he is always falling down in one direction or another and when he desires to sniff the breeze he has to roll over on his back in order to get his nose out of the dust.

Dachshunds are very intelligent. They have to be in order to manage their bodies, which they do with all the grace of a bride handling a four section train. These dogs are greatly beloved by the Germans, who raise them with all the passion displayed by the Hollanders in cultivating tulips. The German uses his dachshund as a hunting dog and it is an impressive sight to see one of these enterprising animals

winding busily over the landscape, nosing a rabbit out of a hole on one side of a hill and communicating the fact to its master on the other slope by wagging his distant but vigilant tail.

The dachshund is very affectionate and is a delightful companion. Speak to him kindly and his eyes will sparkle with delight, while later on, his tail, wherever it may be, will get the news and wag frantically.

'20—'22

W. HAHIR, '20 J.

The twenties were a'planning
For weeks ahead, I guess,
To give the scrubs a welcome
That would be a great success.

They were going to have a picnic
In a cove across the bay,
But along came some obstruction
And put that thought away.

The date was getting nearer
And the '20s said, "For ducks
We'll have a stunning party
Up on the roof of Lux."

The longed for day at last arrived,
The crowd had gathered there;
They went right to the tables
And left the dishes bare.

The twenties played "J. Caesar",
And their costumes were a sight;
But twenty two's enjoyed it
And said it was "all right."

After that, came dancing,
And games that all could play,
So every one had something
To pass the time away.

Now '22! when it comes your turn
To give the scrubs a "spree",
Just think back to October fourth
And act accordingly.

They That Toil Not

G. DREW, '20.

WHEN John Henry Ames, Jr., came into this world, he did not, as heroes do, stare about with pensive and intelligent mien. Not he. He just naturally cried until he slept, and slept till he woke to cry.

At the advanced age of six young John was sent off to school by his mother. She heaved a deep sigh upon seeing him go and yet another when he returned at the end of the day. The first was of relief and the second of sorrow. Thus the gentle reader has his first evidence of John Henry's—well, let us say—restless, yea, even troublesome disposition.

School held no terrors for our John, as there was too much one could do for it to bore even a superior mind. When one tired of making faces at the girls across the aisle, one would always draw pictures of teacher. Countless other devices were employed by dear John to distract his mind from those troublesome books and lessons.

When our young hero entered the grammar grades, he was for a time sickened at the thought that he might have to assimilate some knowledge via the work route. He was not lazy, as any teacher could testify; nor could he be dull of wit when so many glowing pranks were the product of his fertile brain. When, "that Ames boy, you know," as teachers said, tired of mischievous jokes and tricks, his wearied brain found solace in such masterpieces of fiction as, "The Erie Train Boy," "Dick Dead-eye," "Bound to Rise," and all the rest.

Yet, alas, all good things must end, and the day finally came when John Henry Ames was duly recorded as prepared for a high school career. In John's young mind there was no doubt about the school question. John, senior, rather thought the boy "didn't get much out of it." Mrs. John said, "he is too young to go to work;" and so it was that once more several years of pleasure stretched before him.

As a "scrub" at Lick-Wilmerding he nearly "flunked" in algebra. The second year he almost worked at his studies. Then, when he reached the estate of a Junior his interest was diverted from the classroom to the athletic field. All of his leisure moments were spent on football, tracks, or whatever the current sport happened to be. When Professor Max Plumb was deep in the mysteries of Trig, John Henry's mind was more than likely occupied with some play in Rugby. Wynne's "Select Recitations in Geometry" were enjoyable, as the class was large and he was rather free to think about what he wished.

And so it went all through the four years of Hi. He managed to bluff along and slide into a "soft" job with John Henry, Sr. Although he would not loaf he came mighty close to it.

Young John was just starting to get tired of his work when America joined in the European troubles. An examiner for the Marine Corps rejected John's application for enlistment, giving an athletic heart as the reason. The medico's parting advice was, "Take it slow for a while, young fellow." The dearest wish of John's heart was to fight the Hun so he did "take it slow."

From time to time he applied for enlistment in various branches of the service, but each time, though his heart improved, he was rejected. His persistency and

endeavor won for him, and he left for the big gun school at Fort Winfield Scott, treading on air in his happiness.

The prime requisites were of course Algebra, Trig, and Geometry. All the men had to brush up on mathematics for a month or so. Ames had to brush up and keep on brushing. As a professor put it to him one day, "You have the ability, Ames, but your ground work in this is so poor that you will have to work for three months at least to get ready for the real training."

The three months of concentration finally dragged by. Just as he entered the actual training classes his pals, with whom he had entered, were being sent over to fight. His chagrin at his delay was increasing. Day and night he berated himself for his failure to learn in school. He dug into the training as best he could, and was awaiting orders to leave for France when the Kaiser gave up the ghost and the war ended. Discharge papers were shortly forced on him and John Henry Ames, Jr., failed in his life's desire and broken in heart, left for home, "a sadder and a wiser man."

The Flivver

M. GILBERT, '18 X.

THE flivver is in a class by itself. It is too small for an automobile and a trifle too large for a baby carriage. In the dictionary "flivver" will be found under "insects" or "Tinnius Lizzius," with the following explanation: "Tinnius Lizzius is essentially 98 per cent. Stannum (tin) and the rest consists of a microscopic substance called enginitius."

A flivver is like an alarm clock because it takes all day to wind it up and it goes off when least expected. A friend of mine attached a hand organ to his and played the "Valse Caprice" through twenty-six times before the thing started. The tire cost is a negative quantity. The ordinary garden hose makes a most excellent casing. If some part of the machine should break, why, just go to the nearest drug or grocery store and you will be sold what you need. If you run out of gasoline, dump in the coal oil out of the side lamps and off you go. I have heard of a case where a man was so full of whiskey that he ran the flivver with his breath. The world's notable men own flivvers. Roosevelt has a flivver to haul kindling wood to the kitchen. Rockefeller has a tin Lizzy for an ornament on his mantel piece. The tune that the flivver plays when rambling along is very valuable. One man took a phonograph record of it and was given fifty thousand dollars for the record and its exclusive copyright. It was a perfect reproduction of the third act of "Salome." There is a flivver in Milpitas that plays "Over There" so well its owner absent-mindedly dropped a nickle in the radiator.

A friend of mine has a small (?) son about seven feet tall. One morning while out skating he noticed to his consternation that his dad's flivver was on his right foot. If your flivver stops suddenly sometime and you can't start it, it is troubled with "Stopolitis." It comes naturally to every flivver and the only remedy is to wait until it starts. Scientists explain this action as a coloidal conglomeration of the differential and the spark plugs.

The Value of Knowledge

HAROLD KING, '19 J.

*"Knowledge is proud that he knows so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."*

KNOWLEDGE may prove either totally worthless or inestimably beneficial to the individual possessor. Like money stored in a vault, it loses its worth until it is put into circulation. This is best illustrated in the two types of men attending our schools and universities today. One is the over-studious scholar, who stores his learning for future use. His mind is keen but receives material without utilizing it. That is, he hoards his knowledge, placing more importance upon gaining wisdom than on spreading it. His method of learning finally becomes a habit, which causes him to become worthless to himself as well as to others and soon it proves a burden to his life. His eyesight weakens, the lure of the books prevents him from taking proper exercise, he loses his normal appetite, his health fails, leaving him a miserable, unhappy creature. But he alone does not suffer, for in making no efforts to explain to less fortunate fellow students the difficulties he has mastered, his work enlightens no one and is lost.

The supreme test of usefulness appears in cases of emergency or necessity; when the opportunity comes for him to use his reserve knowledge he fails, because of inexperience in imparting his ideas. This is proved only too plainly in the present war. The man who becomes a leader is the practical man, who can command and act decisively without following a learned formula. The book-read man, who has no practical experience, fills the regular soldiers place, or worse still cannot serve his country because of poor eyesight, underweight, or physical unfitness. So he is seen today, exempt from military duty, and still studying for some future unknown opportunity.

In the other class, however, we find the man who studies but finds time for other things. He uses his mental prowess not only to store knowledge in his brain, but to teach it to act quickly and intelligently by using it in his sports. This man you will find gives willingly all that he has laborously worked out. He not only helps his fellow men by explaining matters to them, but gains for himself a chance to express his own ideas and to find out their value. His scholarship may not display a brilliant intellect, but by circulating his knowledge he gains an independence and joy in his work which gives satisfaction to his efforts. His cheerful energetic disposition is an inspiration to others, stimulating enthusiasm and ambition.

Not only does he benefit others individually, but he comes to the front in times of great necessity. By original thinking, he is able to develop his ideas to fit the needs of the situation. He is the man who invents the engines of progress or discovers medical methods for stopping uncontrolled epidemics or diseases of war. He is a leader of men who wins for the world all that would have been lost by him who hoards knowledge.

The Browning Machine Gun

M. R. EHRER, '19 J.

FOLLOWING the machine gun tests at Texas City, in 1914, the War Department of the United States adopted the Vicker's machine gun. Later the war proved that this type of weapon was not destructive enough to meet the requirements of modern warfare. The present fighting conditions called for a light gun weighing less than twenty pounds, in order to be very easily carried by advancing infantry. The Vicker's gun failed to meet these requirements since it weighed thirty-eight pounds alone and with the tripod seventy-five pounds.

The government, therefore, had to conduct new tests for determining a standard and suitable machine gun. These trials were conducted at Springfield a year and a half ago. To these exhibitions came Mr. John M. Browning and his brother. They brought with them two guns, one light air-cooled automatic machine gun and a larger water-cooled machine gun. Both instruments were light, and simple in construction. In this government test the larger gun fired 20,000 shots with only two jams, both due to faulty cartridges. The Vicker's, or any other gun, never equaled this record for speed and reliability. As a result, the Browning machine guns, light and heavy, were adopted by the War Department. A Browning heavy machine gun was also constructed with flanges, for air-cooling, to be mounted on aeroplane where the constant rush of cool air proved sufficient for cooling the barrel. This gun is also used by the United States.

Previous to the Browning machine gun and the French Chauchat, machine weapons were unable to attain a high rate of fire because the vicious hammering of the moving parts, when going at the rate of 400 per minute, caused the steel to crystalize. Browning was aware of this fault, so when he designed his gun he arranged that the opening and closing motions of the breech are started gently and closed gently instead of the hammering and battering of the breech parts as in other machine guns.

The Browning light machine gun is manufactured to operate both automatically and semi-automatically. That is to say, it may be used for firing continuously, emptying its magazine quickly, or it may be used as an ordinary rifle and the shots fired singly by operating the trigger.

This light gun is of the air-cooled gas operated design. The weapon may be fired either from the shoulder, the target being found on sights similar to those on rifles, or may be fired from the hip, the target being found through general sense of direction. The knack of firing from the hip is quickly acquired through practice. The gun is cooled by flanges which radiate the heat and cause the gun to remain at the lowest possible temperature.

The principle of gas operation is very simple. The gun is cocked for the first shot and the trigger pulled. The bullet is expelled by gases which exert a pressure of 50,000 pounds per square inch. A small amount of this gas is utilized to operate the gun automatically. The bullet on leaving the muzzle has a velocity very nearly equal to that of the Springfield rifle. The cartridges are fed from detachable maga-

zines containing twenty rounds of ammunition although for special purposes some have been made which contain forty. The bullet used in this gun, and also in the heavy Browning, is the standard service cartridge used by the United States Army. The loading of the magazine is very simple and quickly accomplished. The empty clip is released by pressing a button. A new one is quickly inserted in its stead. The complete operation takes two and one-half seconds.

As has already been stated, the gun is both automatic and semi-automatic. The changes from one to the other being made by a lever motion which when in the first position is made to fire single shots by a trigger release. With the lever in the second position the gun works automatically and will empty its magazine of twenty shots in from two and one-half to three seconds. The third position locks the gun for safety.

The powder gases created in the machine gun are terrific. They sometimes reach a temperature of 4,000 degrees, Fahrenheit. This gun, being air-cooled, has its limitations although the Browning light gun may fire three hundred shots continuously without cooling.

A feature of both the heavy and light Brownings is their simplicity of construction. The main parts number less than twenty and can be easily and quickly taken apart or assembled by a single operator. Both guns can be operated by one person and the only tool necessary when dismantling is a small wrench. In case a wrench is not at hand an empty cartridge may be used with good results.

The problem of supplying ammunition for this gun has given considerable trouble. The gunner carries one hundred and twenty rounds in his belt or bandoleer, while his two assistants carry four hundred, and two hundred and forty, respectively. This makes a total of eight hundred rounds of ammunition.

The Browning heavy gun is the most efficient mechanically worked weapon in use today. Its simplicity of construction makes it very easy to manufacture. This heavy-duty machine gun is water-cooled and the cartridges are supplied in belts or bandoleers containing one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition. The gun is operated by the recoil action. In the government tests 20,000 shots were fired with but three stops. The same gun in another test fired 39,500 bullets when the gear gave way. A similar gun fired 20,000 shots in forty-eight minutes, sixteen seconds without any evident strain and only three interruptions, these being due to defective cartridges.

The cartridges are held in a wooden box fastened on the left hand side of the gun, which is fitted with a pistol grip similar to that of the Colt machine gun.

The large Browning machine gun is also known as the heavy Browning gun. It is really very light when compared with other guns of its type. It weighs, complete with tripod, thirty-four and a half pounds and when stripped of its water jacket twenty-two and a half pounds.

The heavy Browning gun is one of the three types of machine guns whose rate of fire may be synchronized with the revolutions of the propeller when mounted on a tractor aeroplane, so that the gun may be fired through the radius of the propeller without striking the blades. When used in this fashion the gun is aimed by pointing the aeroplane directly at the target.

The propeller of an aeroplane revolves from 800 to 2,000 times per minute. The machine gun is therefore connected to the aeroplane's engine by either a mechanical or hydraulic device, and impulses from the crankshaft of the motor are transmitted to the gun. The rate of fire is constant and the period of discharge is synchronized with the propeller by utilizing only a small percentage of the vibrations received from the crankshaft. These few impulses trip the trigger just at the instant the blades are clear of the gun.

The Browning gun was given a severe test before being finally adopted for use on aeroplanes. The gun was mounted on a plane in the usual way except that the propeller was replaced by a disc the exact diameter of the propeller and containing a hole the size of a bullet. If the gun worked properly the shots would go through this hole, but if there was the least error the bullet would miss this opening and pierce a hole elsewhere in the disc. The engine was run at speeds varying from 400 to 2,000 revolutions per minute and not once during the entire test did the gun work out of synchronism.

It is of vital importance that an absolutely reliable gun be used in conjunction with aeroplane engines because faulty action causes the bullets to shatter the propeller. Sometimes as many as fifteen bullets have been known to strike a propeller without causing a plane to fall but the danger of such a thing happening is very obvious.





EDITORIALS

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Editorial

THE TERM is ended. The curtain falls on one of the most successful semesters the L.-W.-L. has ever had. The Senior class set the pace—a pace that made mighty strides toward success. The lower classes followed in the wake of the leaders—slowly, patiently, never weakening, always trying to make the most of opportunities for bettering their school.

The gap between the old “Lick Spirit” and the new “Tiger Spirit” has closed, creating perfect harmony, and from out of the smouldering fires of the traditional Lick Spirit has been forged the soul of a newer Student Body—powerful, courageous, energetic—the spirit that has been long sought for—the *Spirit of the Tiger*. The old “Lick Spirit” has died, but from its lifelessness sprang a newer and stronger feeling of unity. Let the dead lie—speak no more of Lick Spirit—praise and uphold our new likeness, the “Tiger Spirit,” that it may always serve Lick-Wilmerding and Lux.

It is with a feeling of deep sorrow that we record the death of our beloved school-mate, Helen Quanstrom.

Helen was a girl who, like a lily amongst roses, stood forth with a distinctness and purity that won admiration. Her kindness and benevolence gained for her a first place in the hearts of her classmates and placed her high in the reverence of the faculty.

Helen was at the peak of her high school career, taking active part in many school activities, when she was suddenly taken sick and after a short illness died. The sympathy of the students and faculty is extended to her relatives in their deep sorrow.

Those of you who turn over the pages of the current issue review the initial efforts of the present staff. Throughout the semester new and difficult problems arose, both financial and literary which seemed almost impossible to overcome, but by hammering away and “sticking to it,” the staff finally succeeded in getting the journal to press. The “Life” staff certainly does feel proud over the outcome of their efforts and the Student Body may consider it another victory to be able to publish such a creditable issue. A word of appreciation is due Mrs. Orr, Miss Strachm, Miss Bertholas, Miss Boulware, Miss Gabriel, and Mrs. Higley for their assistance to the staff. We also wish to give thanks to the printer and engraver for their professional advice.

For the first time in the history of L.-W.-L. a Christmas class commencement issue has been published. This plan is the outcome of a decision reached last year, when the L.-W.-L. Board of Control voted to eliminate the so-called supplement numbers and limit the publication of the journal to two per year—one in December and the other in May.

The present number is the '18 X. Commencement issue. We have tried to give this issue a commencement number's bearing, and even if we have only succeeded in a fair way, the foundation is laid and it remains for future classes to establish a plan

whereby the Xmas classes will be placed on an equal footing with the June graduates.

We also feel justified in saying that although many are the arguments for and against limiting the journal to two per year, the supplement numbers do not set a very high standard for our paper, and the money and time put into them is not realized. If this energy were thrown into the two commencement numbers then the school has something really "worth while." As it is we set the present issue as the standard—beat it if you can!!

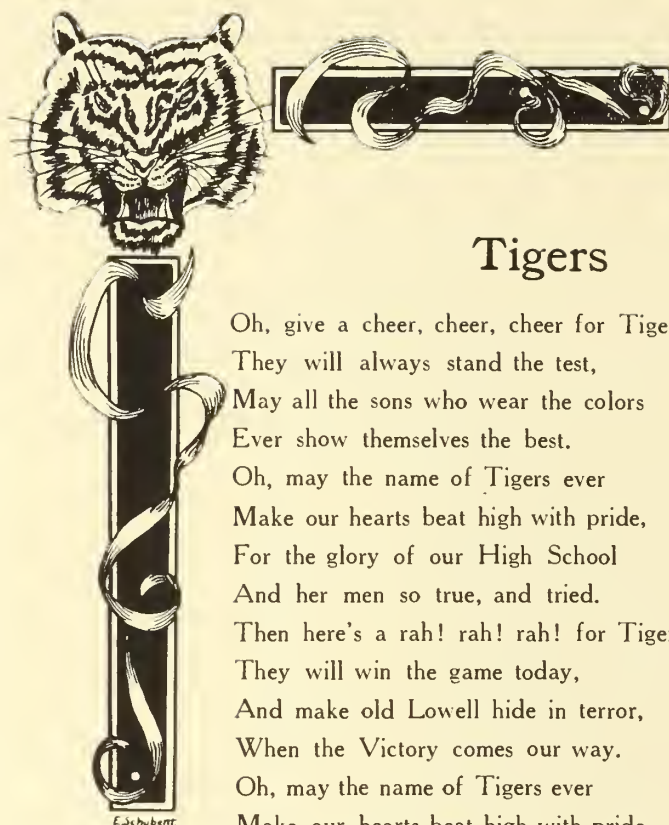
During the months of July and August we had a contingent of 140 drafted men under mechanical training in our various shops. The top floor of the new building made ideal barracks while the second floor was occupied by the officers' quarters. At mess call the men assembled in the old Wilmerding electrical shop where good, wholesome "chow" was served. To work in some practice at the pick and shovel art the recruits squared up the Wilmerding oval and made the famous old cinder path actually look "like something." Jackson Park made an ideal parade ground where the men "shouldered arms" and stamped around in marching formations.

Outside of their regular military drill the soldiers received instructions in machine shop practice, automobile repairing, forge work, electrical engineering, etc.

Have you ever heard this before? "Lick men know when they are beaten!" Did you ever pause to fathom the hidden significance of this sentence, to go into its deeper meaning and discover one of the ideals of our Student Body; "Play the game to win?" Have you ever seen a Tiger team defeated? Yes, they have faced many defeats along with hundreds of victories, but—"Lick men know when they are beaten!" They know their master when they meet him; they sense their lack of power when the Tiger line breaks; but Lick-Wilmerding acknowledges defeat smilingly, loses like only a sportsman can lose, shakes the adversary by the hand, and gives six "big ones" for the victors. But those of you who were out to see the semi-final windup of the C. I. F., to see San Mateo High School "defeat" our Tigers 5-0, we ask you: Did you see L.-W. give six "big ones" for San Mateo? Did you catch even the faintest smile on a single Tiger's lips? No! L.-W. was not defeated! Every Tiger on that team could tear the heart out of ———; they clutched the air, staggered to the club house, and with tearful eyes and silent voices donned their clothes. Deep in their breaking hearts rang that cry: "Lick men know when they are beaten, and we are not beaten!" Then somebody broke the silence. It was the coach. He spoke quietly to the manager. Both tore bits of paper and each Tiger received a little slip. Then the captain collected them and left the showers. One by one he opened each piece and glanced at the scribbled "Dixon." Then he returned and softly said, "Dixon, fellows." Then there was a sob—"Stonewall" Dixon was to be next year's captain. "He played the game to win."

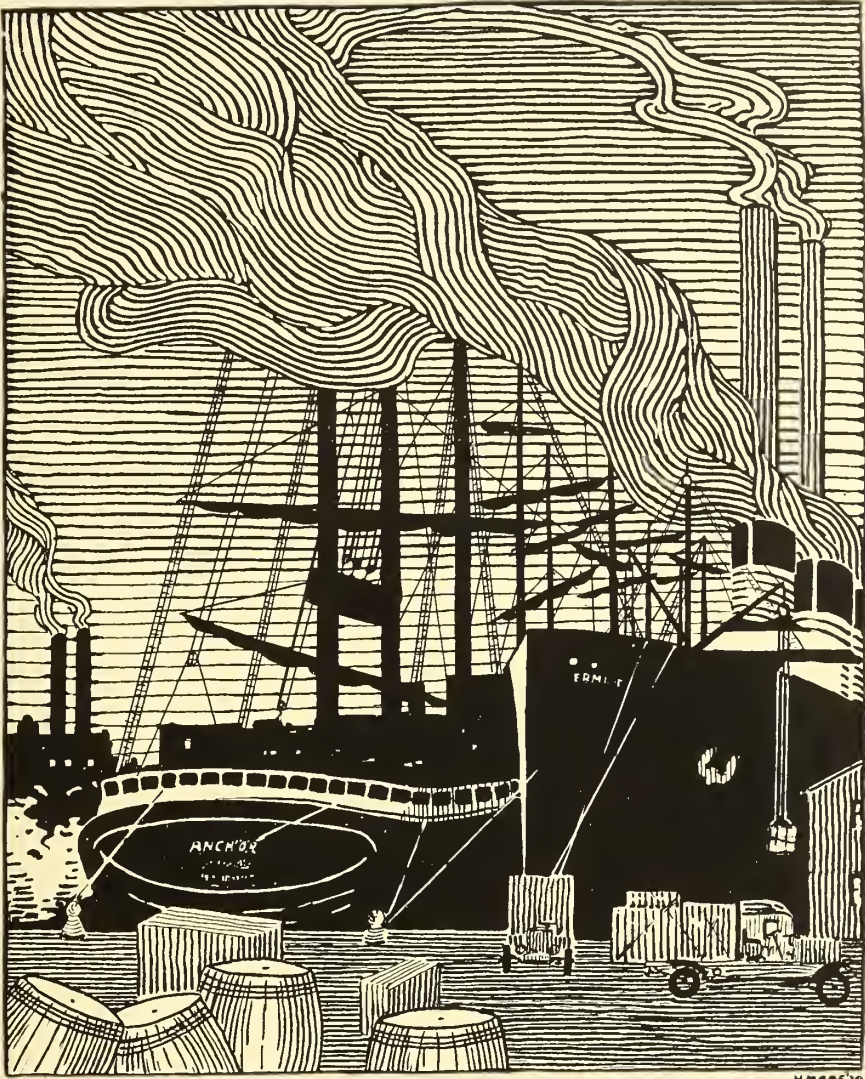
A Fool There Was - - - B. Franklin





Tigers

Oh, give a cheer, cheer, cheer for Tigers,
They will always stand the test,
May all the sons who wear the colors
Ever show themselves the best.
Oh, may the name of Tigers ever
Make our hearts beat high with pride,
For the glory of our High School
And her men so true, and tried.
Then here's a rah! rah! rah! for Tigers,
They will win the game today,
And make old Lowell hide in terror,
When the Victory comes our way.
Oh, may the name of Tigers ever
Make our hearts beat high with pride,
For the glory of our High School
And her men so true and tried.



INDUSTRY

Plumbing Shop

The "Scrubs," three sections "strong," are doing their usual sheet metal exercises. Like the preceding classes they are sticking to the same theory of using as much solder as the piece of tin will hold. Because of the "forced vacation" some of the exercises had to be curtailed in order that the term's work could be covered by Christmas.

An afternoon class of more advanced boys are doing the repair work and odd jobs. Mr. Wood has kept several busy laying new pipes in the rear of the Wilmerding school, in preparation for the laying of the cement by the boys of the brick shop.

Steam radiators and boilers have been ordered for the "new" building, and as soon as delivered will be installed by the more advanced class. At present they are doing some plumbing work in the building.

Mechanical Drawing

Mr. Heymann's department is one of the busiest in the school. The Senior and Junior apprentices are making great strides, while the Sophomores have just completed their third plate on Orthographic Projections.

"Fritz" Schubert is designing a centrifugal pump and is progressing rapidly. "Barney" Dolan, the other apprentice of the '18 X class, hopes to complete a 30-foot tug boat this term.

The Senior class is the proud possessor of a great "mechanical four"—Kraut, Englebret, Hansen, and Casto. Kraut and Englebret are designing a 100 H. P. steam turbine. Both claim to be the "chief consulting engineer," and when not draughting they spend the time debating the question. Hansen and Casto are constructing a 15 H. P., two-cylinder marine engine.

The other Senior apprentices are trying to keep up to the standard set by the "regulars." "Jerry" Keefe is designing a guard for the school's steam whistle; Ben Franklin is well started on a hoisting hook, while Scott is working over the details of a 6 H. P. motor. Tosi and Ritchie divide the time between drawing and gazing out of the window.

The Junior apprentices are advancing rapidly on their preliminary plates. They are eagerly awaiting the time when they shall be Seniors and hold the esteem of the class below. Gieseke and Rodgers are drawing a safety valve and chuck respectively. Place, Jacobs, Anderson and Granucci are doing similar work.

Electrical Shop

Under the instruction of Mr. Stowe, the electrical department is making fine headway. The shop has been moved into the new building and all are working hard.

C. Thompson is general foreman of the plant and does plenty of good work around the shop. Hobson and Hildebrand, with aid of "Paddy" Walton, are tracing conduit. Scott is making a transformer and hopes it will live up to his expectations. Wismer is overhauling all the old motors and putting them in shape. The Juniors are working hard on their bells and phones and soon hope to be regular electricians.

Auto Shop

(Written after special interview with Prof. A. B. C. Werder)

This term the auto shop is working harder than ever. A number of machines are on hand, so more autos have been repaired than any year previous. All standard makes are in the shop and so the mechanics are getting fine practice, not to say anything about work.

"Smokestack" Schmulian and Ed Schubert are the chief "fixers," while Tosi, Archie Johnston, Thompson, Fox, Griffin, and Le Haye are understudies of these two mechanics.

The Juniors are busy on their blocks and lathe exercises. An Oxy-acetylene outfit has been installed in the shop and considerable welding and brazing is being done. Mr. Werder predicts that before long his "lads" will be turning out autos at the rate of one per minute.

Machine Shop

Work in the machine shop is progressing in the usual high speed manner. The fellows are turning out some good work under the able instruction of Mr. Sunkel.

The '21 J boys are sweating over their preliminary exercises. Most of them have quit searching for slippery-file, and have come to the conclusion that the school needs a supply of "rubber hack-saws."

The Juniors have finished their first lathe exercises, and are now turning out small parts for the steam hoist.

"Steamboat" King, the "master mechanic" of the apprentices, is assembling a steam hoist, and hopes to finish it before the term expires. Feusier is Mr. Sunkel's chief machinist and foreman—handling the work on the big lathe. Hildebrand is the general repair man of the shop. Hahir is repairing a band saw. Pratt, the only Junior apprentice, is building a pipe cutting machine.

One of the most serious problems that the boys of the shops find is the perplexing question of how to keep clean. If it were not for "Chief" Dixon it is doubtful if any of them would get to their classes with unsoiled hands. Despite the advanced price of Skat, "Chief" is still on the job, and it is rumored that "Mister" Dixon has at last succeeded in driving home a "corner" on the hand-paste market.

Chemistry

With the largest class of chemistry apprentices in the history of the school, and with so much interruption during the past term, Mr. Tibbits is having his hands full. Nevertheless much work has been done and the Seniors hope to finish the analysis of soils by the end of this term. All the Seniors, Gibert, Reich, Mohr, Kuhnel, Mullen, Jost, and Delius have finished the analysis of silicate and carbonate rocks and cements, while Kuhnel and Mohr are nearly thru with the soils.

The Juniors are having a lively time with H₂S, trying to solve the unknowns given by Prof. Tibbits.

Stone Work

The boys, under the leadership of Mr. Rice, have been doing some fine masonry around the school. As usual this department has done considerable repair work and odd jobs, the biggest undertaking being the laying of a concrete walk in the rear of the Wilmerding building. Besides this, Mr. Rice, assisted by Mr. Petine, erected a form for the fence on the east side of the building. Now that the rainy season is coming on, they plan soon to continue work on the interior of the new building.

Wood Working Shops

The three wood-working shops—pattern, cabinet, and carpentry, have been working overtime this term. Mr. McLaren and Mr. Maybeck have been hustling the boys right along every minute of the time, in order to complete the five hundred bed-side folding tables for the Red Cross. The school made the contract and the boys of these shops did their part, despite several handicaps. The tables have all the appearances of having been made by professionals. The pattern shops did the preliminary work and the cabinet department did the assembling and finishing. There has been a continuous “pack train” between the two shops during the last month.

Bergstrom and Shunk are the only apprentices in these shops.

While the soldiers were getting practical experience at the school, the Freshmen and Sophs were divided between the pattern and cabinet shops. In pattern the boys worked on parts of the pulley wheel and later, on lathe exercises. Preliminary bench-work and lathe exercises kept the cabinet classes busy for the first few weeks.

In carpentry, the soldiers did some finishing work on the “new” building. The material for the black boards for the “new” building has come, and now that the tables are finished, those taking carpentry will set the black boards in place.

Architecture

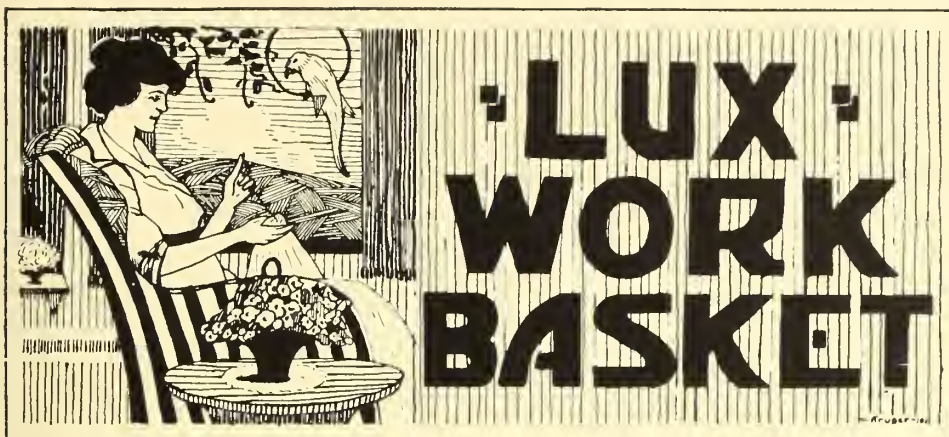
This department is turning out some very creditable work under the supervision of Mr. Graham. There is a large number of apprentices this term in machine drawing. From all appearances the '20 J class is going to turn out the record number of draftsmen.

The three apprentices in architectural drawing are: Paulson, Munk and Quagelli. Munk is beginning the course this term, and is working on a plate of the Doric order of architecture. Paulson is progressing rapidly on his drawing of the Ionic order. Quagelli, the only apprentice taking the regular architectural course, is at present laboring over his plate of Mill Details. This trio is doing some good work on their preliminary plates and soon hope to be on more advanced drawings.

Miss Florence Hill, of Lux, is also taking a course in architectural drawing. She is doing good work on a Roman Lettering plate.

The low Sophomores have turned in carefully drawn plates to Mr. Graham. They are working on their fourth sheet of Orthographic Projections.

The '20 X class is busy on plates of Isometric Projections. Those who have completed these are busy on plates of Simple Machine Details.



COOKING

IT IS wonderful, yet rather amusing, to think how cake is made. A little flour, sugar, butter, milk and seasoning and then you have your cake or anything else you might desire according to the amount you place in your bowl and in what proportion.

The Sophomores have heaps of fun watching the results of this process, while the Juniors have passed this stage and are taking dietics. The Seniors, still further advanced, are analyzing their ingredients before using them.

The girls are still conserving food although peace has been declared. They have Hooverized ever since the first appeal was made and will not stop until the need is over.

MILLINERY

The Sophomores have completed their preliminary exercises which was no easy task. In contrast to this drudgery, they are now planning their first winter hats.

The third year girls have each finished one winter hat which were quite successes. They are now completing their second hats.

Pretty things are usually found in the Senior millinery course. They are doing their share by making dainty bags and other articles. Those who are not doing this are filling orders for hats which have been taken throughout the term.

The Normal girls are doing their usual good work.

DRAWING

The Freshmen have finished their garment sketchings, elementary color work, and have made water-color books. They have studied the first principles of design and are now applying these acquired principles to borders. They expect to find time to make Christmas cards and to start their dress designing soon.

The Sophomores are busy completing their work in perspective by sketching different parts of the building. They have completed the study of still life.

Junior girls are certainly lucky for they are taking an interesting line of work which brings in the sketching of out-doors. They too, expect to make Christmas cards and do a great deal of wood blocking and stenciling.

The fourth year girls are studying styles of architecture and various parts of the house.

The Normal I's are reviewing the "Evolution of the Home."

The Normal II. girls are studying houses. They have completed the study of the parts of a house and are now planning their own homes.

SEWING

The Freshmen have completed sets of undergarments, a sewing apron and bag, housekeeping caps and aprons and have managed to do a great deal of Red Cross work besides. They have been working faithfully all this term on pajamas.

Woolen dresses seem more to the Sophomore's taste. They have planned and remodeled dresses. However, they devoted more of their time to Red Cross work than their own dresses.

The Juniors are making complete sets of infants' clothes. They all promise to be the prettiest layettes turned out.

The Seniors have been playing a more patriotic part. They have been putting the stars on the Service Flag of Lick-Wilmerding. We'll say that the boys ought to be proud of that Flag; first, because it represents the men who are in the service and second, because Lux girls made it for them.

Both Senior and Junior girls contributed a great amount of work to the Red Cross.





SCHOOL NOTES

The Lux Student Body



President Lundahl

IN spite of frequent interruption, the Lux Student Body has had a profitable semester. Under the able direction of President Lundahl, the Student Body affairs have been flourishing.

Early in the year a new board was inaugurated for the control of the Lux Red Cross Auxiliary. It is composed of the members of the board of control and the class presidents. The Red Cross still needs the support which the Lux girls have given it in the past, and the Auxiliary will carry on its work with renewed vigor during the new year.

Due to the enthusiasm and energy of Miss Webster, and of its president, Annette Schraft, the Camera Club has been revived. In October, the club spent a morning at Golden Gate Park and many pictures were taken with splendid results. Other affairs were planned and, with the coming of spring, good times are in store for the Members.

The Lux String Orchestra is small this year, but its members have given it loyal support. They plan to take part in the Christmas program and have been practicing regularly. There are two violins—Ruth Boyd, '22, and Helen Doyle, '22; a cello, Esther Golob, '20. The accompanist is Helen Mathis, '21. Miss Tiffany has been directing the girls and we look forward with pleasure to the program they have prepared.

The Ukelele Club is another organization which has been "quietly" meeting every week. Its membership is ten at present. All that is needed to join is a uke and real Lux spirit. Miss Lightbody has been giving generously of her time to this activity. The club will accompany the Freshmen at the Fireside gathering.

Because of many interruptions, the L. W. L. Glee Club did not fare as well as the other organizations. Miss Von der Mehden worked hard but the attendance was irregular and little was accomplished. Recently the club has been reorganized and the officers were elected. Miss Lundahl is president and Ben Franklin, vice-president. Many interesting plans have been made for the new year.

The Student-Body officers for the year are: President, Vic Lundahl, '19; vice-president, Johanna Gunzburger, '20; secretary, Bertha Niefeld, '19; associate editor of the "Life," Dot Hopkins, '19; associate manager of the "Life," Elsie Otto, '19; auditor, M. Barbich, '19; treasurer, Miss Webster; and song leader, Dot Hopkins, '19.

SENIORS

PERIODS have moulded themselves into days, days into weeks, weeks into years, until now the June, 1919 class reaches its Senior year. Freshman, Sophomore, Junior days are but memories.

Early in the term, the Seniors placed the responsibility of managing their class affairs in capable hands. The officers elected were Helen Andrews, president; Eugenie Crapuchettes, vice-president; Helen Hopkins, secretary; Bertha Grunauer, treasurer; and Gladys Peterson, sergeant-at-arms. The Board of Control members were: Mary Barbich, Bertha Niefeld and Elsie Otto.

The class has been very successful in debating, this term. The debate with the Juniors was on the following question: "Resolved That the War Warrants President Wilson's Third Nomination." Esther Golob, Johanna Gunzburger and Florence Hill upheld the Juniors while Gladys Peterson, Martha Wickersham and Elsie Otto argued well for the Seniors.

The Seniors have been faithful in our school work. We have made elaborate hats in millinery and each girl has remodeled a woolen dress in sewing. Seminar, with Miss Coffin, has been exceptionally interesting. The class has been doing pantomime work which the girls have enjoyed.

In "Home" the Seniors were studying the different types of furniture when Miss Stewart was called away. We are fortunate to have Mrs. Higley to take up our work in Home Planning. The Seniors regret more than any other class, Miss Stewart's departure because she will not be back in time to teach us before graduation. Never before has Lux had such an opportunity to send a representative across the sea to comfort our suffering soldiers and cheer our homesick lads. Never before has Lux been so proud to have true Americans. The Seniors wish Miss Stewart success in her new work and a safe and speedy return to Lux.

The Seniors regret the loss of their dear classmate, Helen Quanstrom. Helen was associate editor of the L. W. L. "Life" and was very prominent in debating, dramatics and basketball. The Seniors extend their heart-felt sympathy to her relatives in their deep sorrow.

We are proud to say that our class has done its share of Red Cross and War work. The Seniors went over the top in the "Keep 'Em Smiling" campaign. At least we have done something toward winning the war.



THE 1920 class began the new school year with the election of its officers. Beatrice Barrangon was elected president; Florence Le Vance, vice-president; Esther Golob, secretary; Kathryn Antz, sergeant-at-arms, and Gladys Buck, song leader. President Beatrice Barrangon has proved to be a very capable leader and manager of our class affairs.

As Juniors, we have taken a great interest in basketball and have turned out well at the practices this year. We expect to put up a good game in the interclass basketball. Catherine Forrest is basketball manager.

The Junior-Senior interclass debate has already taken place, our class losing by a vote of two to one. Florence Hill, Esther Golob, Doris Gierisch and Johanna Gunzberger, alternate, made up the '20 team.

Each Junior girl does Red Cross knitting and sewing or contributes a certain amount to the Red Cross, monthly.

We also did our share for the "Make 'Em Smile Kampaign," and managed to collect a great many "smiles" each day.

The most important event for the Junior class this semester was the Junior-Freshman reception held on the Lux roof on Friday, October 4. At one o'clock the Junior and Freshman boys and girls formed a "bread line" and received the good things to eat. There were two kinds of sandwiches, pickles, saratoga chips, pie, fruit, and ice cream. On the roof, which was artistically decorated with greens, tables and chairs were arranged, ready to be used. After everyone had finished with the luncheon there was an exciting doughnut eating contest. Following this, there was music and dancing on the roof. The Junior girls' stunt, a burlesque on "Lochinvar," was enjoyed by every one. This was followed by more dancing. After that, the Junior boys gave their stunt, "Julius Caesar Up-to-Date." It was the funniest performance on the program. After more dancing, the instrumental solos rendered by Williams, a '22 boy, were much appreciated. Dancing was then resumed downstairs and, for those who did not "struggle," there were games on the roof. A duck race, a marshmallow-eating contest and other interesting games were conducted. Besides the general dancing and prize dancing down stairs, there was community singing.

The day was certainly a successful one. The Freshmen forgot to be "scared" and everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion and thoroughly enjoyed everything.

SOPHOMORE



THE Lux Sophomore class elected its new officers at the beginning of the fall term. Rose Brown was elected president; Helen Burkehart, vice-president; Anita McElroy, secretary; Roberta Boldt, sergeant-at-arms; and Virginia Roddy, song leader. The president, after being in office but a short time, succeeded in showing that she was fully capable of managing our class affairs properly. The other officers are supporting our president splendidly, and we are looking forward to a most successful year under the guidance of the capable girls who have been elected to lead us. Their combined efforts will produce only the very best of results. On the Board of Control, the class representatives are Claudine Bucholz, Gertrude Mamlock and Helen Burkehart.

Looking ahead, we expect to make a good showing in debating this year. Last term our team was splendid for a "scrub" year team in debating. Now that the debaters have a little experience, we should be able to hold our own against the upper classes. The team is anxiously awaiting an opportunity to show its ability in the interclass debates. Rose Brown, Anita McElroy, Marguerite Summers, and Helen Burkehart, alternate, make up the '21 class debating team.

During our work for honors as speakers we have not failed to support basketball faithfully. Helen Burkehart was elected manager and quickly made up a "scrappy" team to represent the Sophomores in the interclass games. We are fortunate in having a number of girls who are basketball players of real ability and the '21 team intends to put up a fast fight for the interclass honors.

The Sophomore girls, as well as those in the other classes are doing a great deal of Red Cross knitting and sewing. All of our spare time is spent making garments and other necessities for the soldiers and sailors. The work is done after classes have been dismissed. Some girls have signed up to make surgical dressings at Red Cross headquarters on Monday afternoons.

Our class succeeded in obtaining a great many articles for the "Make 'Em Smile Campaign." Games and books of all kinds were collected by the girls. We also did our part in collecting tinfoil and bringing in different kinds of old clothing for the Belgian Relief Workers' organization.



FRESHMEN girls are well started on our journey through Lux. Our connection with the school will undoubtedly mean a great deal to us and, judging from what we have accomplished so far, the '22 class is going to do great things for Lux. The spirit which we have shown at all times is certainly very promising.

The temporary class officers chosen by the faculty at the beginning of the semester were Dorothea Hopkins, '19, president; Florence Hill, '20, vice-president; and Helen Best, '21, secretary. These girls have very successfully managed the class since its entrance into school. The Freshmen will soon be capable of attending to affairs for ourselves and will elect officers from our own class. Lois Williams, Frances Kaeding, and Fern Scott were appointed to represent us on the Board of Control.

We have supported basketball very well. The girls have been turning out for the regular practices and will probably make a good showing in the interclass games. Thais Kirkpatrick was elected basketball manager.

We are also well represented in the Lux orchestra. A number of girls attend practice every Wednesday afternoon and, under the direction of Miss Lightbody, have been making progress.

The interclass debates have not all been held, so just how great an amount of ability the '22 class will display in this line remains to be seen. On the class debating team are Lillian Seamas, Frances Kaeding, and Catherine Carter.

The Freshmen girls are doing Red Cross sewing and knitting and are turning out some very dainty work. We also did our part in the "Make 'Em Smile Kampaign." The box provided for '22 contributions was one of the first to be filled.

The Freshmen girls gave a tea a short time after they entered the school. There is always some unexpected talent discovered in the classes through this function, and there seems to be an unusually large amount in the '22 class. There were various interesting vocal and instrumental selections and also some recitations. The afternoon proved a most pleasant one for all who were present.

The Freshmen wish to take this opportunity to extend to the Junior class, their sincere and hearty thanks for the reception given in their honor. The splendid entertainment was enjoyed by everyone and the '22 class will remember the day as one of the most pleasant of their school career.

Lick-Wilmerding Student Body



President Lynn

THE Student Body of Lick-Wilmerding has been very successful during the past six months. The different classes and organizations have worked hard and earnestly toward placing Lick-Wilmerding first among other schools of the country.

The two lower classes came back to school in August but things did not get well under way until the upper classmen returned on the first of September.

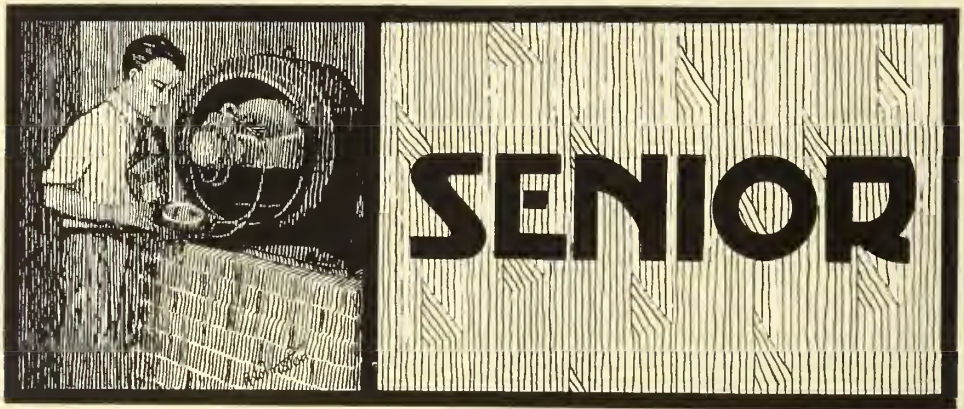
President Lynn proved to all that he was most capable of handling the Student Body affairs. His unceasing efforts and great patience placed L.-W. foremost among other schools and withheld the high standard of our past record. He has worked hard and with that "never-say-die" spirit, and he certainly deserves all the praise that can be heaped upon him for what he has accomplished. "Dynamite" Dickenson, our small, peppy, yell-leader, showed he had the right stuff in him by leading the Student Body at the rallies and games in a most creditable manner.

The football team was handicapped from the start by the loss of one month's training. However, the old Tiger spirit surged to the front and Captain Lynn and Manager Forster soon had things moving. Aided by Coach Wynne and "Swede" Feldcamp, this combination soon whipped into shape a championship team. "Swede" Feldcamp coached the forwards, teaching them many new tricks and Rugby tactics. The Tigers defeated Lowell in the final game for the championship, 8-5. and carried off the S. F. A. L.

During the United War Work Campaign the Student Body showed that it was not only behind the schools but also backing the boys who are fighting "Over There." We pledged three hundred dollars to the cause, to prove our patriotic spirit.

A little over a month ago the faculty planned a cafeteria in the Wilmerding basement. The Seniors run it and the profits made are turned into the Student Body treasury. Fellows! buy your lunch at the Lick-Wilmerding Cafeteria where good wholesome food is served at reasonable prices. The more you buy the larger our treasury will grow.

We can look back over the past semester with no feeling of regret. We have been called upon at various times to prove our loyalty and each time we have shown that the old Tiger spirit is the "only" spirit. Let us hope that the forthcoming semester will be as successful as the past one has been. It is bound to be, Fellows, if each and every one of you dig in and do your individual part.



Class History

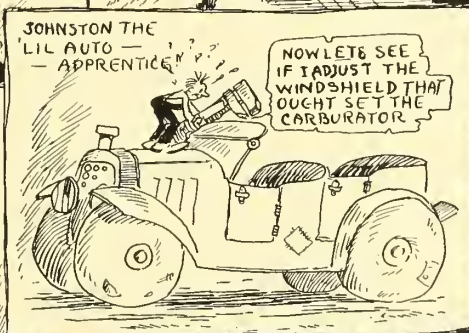
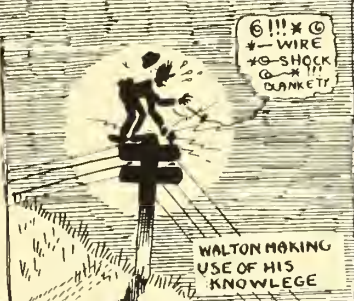
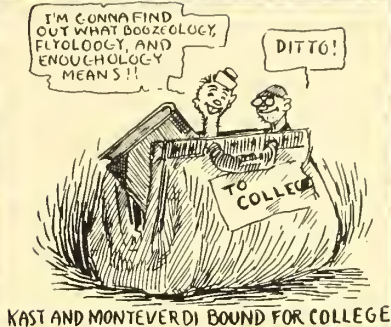
THE '18 X class has the honor of being the first Christmas class under the consolidation of Lick and Wilmerding. In four years its membership has dropped from seventy-two to eleven. From January to June in 1915, it was consolidated with the '18 J class of Wilmerding. From August, 1915, until now, its record is a thoroughly amazing one. Noah Plant was our first president, and no one could have held the class together better than he, during the second six months. Unfortunately the minutes of the class up to December, 1915, have been lost and it is impossible to give a reliable account of the "doings" for that period. During this period, however, the class suffered a great loss in the death of probably the most popular fellow, George McMillan. By 1916 the class was well on its way as a factor in the school life. With Noah Plant, president; Earnest Walton, vice-president; Teddy Riech, secretary; Ulysses Simonds, treasurer, the class started out with a spurt. It adopted its constitution, which was drawn up by a committee headed by Gustave Kuhnel. At this time the so-called "hockey" was in fashion and the '18 X hockey team, headed by Simonds, literally "cleaned up" the school. School activities were well supported by the class. In track were Herbert Bibb, Plant, Riech, Walton, Glover, Plant, Charlot and Simi. Walter Glover was the track manager and Plant was basketball manager. Plant resigned from the presidency and Walton was installed in his place. Gus Kuhnel was elected vice-president to succeed Walton. Riech was elected baseball captain and later, on Glover's resignation, Simi was elected to track manager. From that period on, '18 X and '18 J were together in all athletic activities. Keham Barsamian was elected to the Board of Control. The following fellows received their numerals, Plant, Glover, Bibb, Charlot, Riech and Simi. Glover won his in swimming and the others in track.

For the term ending in June, 1917, the class chose the following officers: Riech, president; Gilbert, vice-president; Johnston, treasurer; Simonds, secretary; Plant, Board of Control; Dolan and Fishner, sergeants-at-arms. The class gave a reception to the '20 X class at Wilmerding, assisted by the '18 J Lux girls. A class pin was selected but was not ready until May. Gilbert was appointed a commissioner to the Honor Society.

For the term ending December, 1917, the following were the officers: Gilbert,

OUR GRADS

B. FRANKLIN



president; Charlot, vice-president; Kast, secretary; Johnston, treasurer; Ericksen, sergeant-at-arms; Riech, Board of Control; Delius, Honor Society member. Glover, Riech, Charlot, Plant and Gilbert received numerals during the term. Simonds and Riech both made the football team. Riech made the Senior debating team. '18 X and '18 J joined together and gave \$25 to the Red Cross. Simonds, Riech, Walton, and Johnston received numerals for football.

The next term ending June, 1918, had Simonds, president; Walton, vice-president; Delius, secretary; Gilbert, treasurer; Johnston, Board of Control; Monteverdi, sergeant-at-arms. During the early part of this term it was decided to join with '18 J in the Senior farce. Numerals were abolished and class dues raised to \$1.25 the term. Riech made the baseball team and is captain-elect for 1919. Gilbert was appointed a member of the Red Cross committee, and Riech and Junker were appointed on the Red Cross salvage committee. Kuhnelt, Walton, and Junker were the basketball devotees, while Glover and Charlot were out for track. Glover was the sensation of the school in the shotput.

The last term, by common consent, the same class officers have been retained. Simonds is also vice-president of the Student Body. Out of eleven fellows, '18 X has three on the first football team: Walton, Riech, and Johnston, and Kast is on the second squad. As far as is known there are three '18 X fellows in the service—Charlot in the tanks, and Simonds and Stange in the navy. The eleven fellows remaining: Delius, Gilbert, Glover, Kuhnelt, and Riech, all chemistry apprentices; Dolan and Schubert promising draftsmen; Johnston is taking the Polytechnic course, and Monteverdi and Kast expect to go to college, while "Paddywhack" Walton is our electrical genius.

L.-W. Seniors

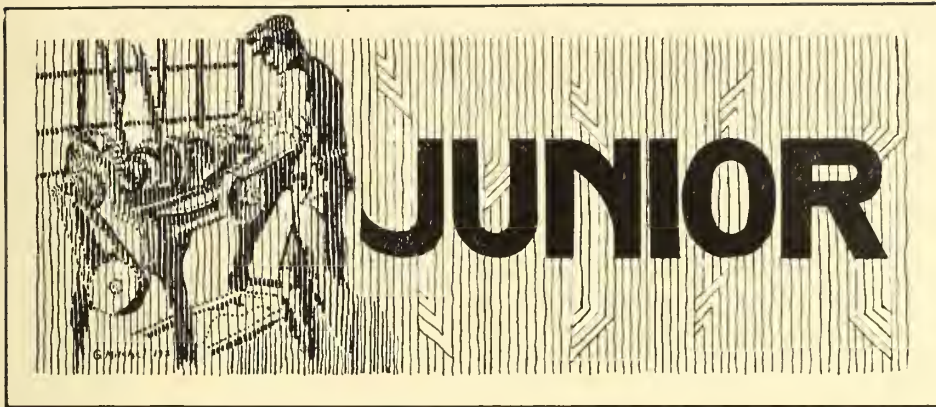
WITH Tosi as president during the past semester we certainly made fine headway. The other officers were King, vice-president; Dickenson, secretary; Mathis, treasurer; and Hildebrand, sergeant-at-arms. Forster was our representative on the Board of Control, while "Hank" Shubert led us in yelling.

In supporting the school activities we were right there. Football, as usual, was our strong suit. On the school team we had Captain Lynn, Forster, Tosi, Thompson, Griffin, and Kraut. Other sports also received due consideration. The basketball season, although not yet begun, will be supported by Meyer, Jaenicke, and Dickenson, all veterans. On the swimming team we turned out Lynn, Schubert, and Thompson. Debating is another activity which has not begun its season. In this we will be well represented by Ehrer and Greenberg.

In the interclass events we have contributed teams which have always proven good adversaries if not winners. The interclass basketball, football and debating championships are yet to be decided. In the track interclass we carried off the weight division by a large margin. In the swimming interclass we came in a good second.

Besides contributing good support to all student activities, we have put a lot of pep and jazz into the Camera Club and L. W. L. Debating Society.

The Nineteen class, during the last semester, always received the hard knocks when the hard knocks were being handed out but you just watch us go next term, fellows, that is, if you are able to see us because we're going to travel so fast and set such a wonderful record that the rest of the school records will look prehistoric.



THE class of Christmas, 1919, has completed what we consider our most successful year since entering L.-W. During the first semester, under President Reynolds, our greatest achievements were the Junior Farce and Dance, Junior Freshman Reception and the selection of our class pin.

The Junior play was held in the Wilmerding "Auditorium" and was a pronounced success, especially when you consider that it was all done without girls.

The officers selected for the second half of our Junior year were Rogers, president; Heymes, vice-president; Larsen, secretary; Berman, treasurer; Loeserman, Board of Control member and Corneps, sergeant-at-arms.

We have given our enthusiastic support to all student body activities and the various organizations of the school, especially the "Life." We have taken an active part in all school athletics. Mitchell, our block L.-W. swimmer has also made his initial bow in football. Track, basketball, baseball and swimming have also been supported by '19 X fellows during the past term.

After such a successful year we are entertaining great hopes for the future.

True to our "rep" we ushered in the fall term with a snap and bang that far outstripped all our previous efforts. We were lucky to be under the management of Paul Young as president, Tuttich as vice-president, E. Merrill as secretary and Oscar Britt as the human "quarter" magnet, for they have proven themselves both capable and trustworthy.

Having always been at the top in athletics we were determined to uphold our reputation. So, for the fifth time since we entered L.-W., we made off with the swimming interclass. Tait, Young, Bermingham and DeFerrari form an ideal quartette of '20 J swimmers.

On the football team that so decisively beat Lowell we were represented by Sudden, Dixon, Tait, Pratt, Sedgely, Bermingham and Schulte. On the second string line up there were many '20 fellows, so we feel safe in saying that next year there will be no great lack of experienced men for football.

On the advice of the faculty we dropped all the plans we had been considering for the Junior-Freshman picnic and boat-ride. Everyone had an enjoyable time, however, at a "Jolly-Up" party, given to the class of June, '22 at Lux. A luncheon, games and dancing were part of the program. We certainly showed the "Scrubs" that they are welcome.



THOUGH small, the Christmas class of 1920 is well represented in most student activities. This last term we were led by the following officers: Carley, president; Collins, vice-president; Maas, secretary; Lichtenberg, treasurer; Crowley, Board of Control member, and Jacobsen, sergeant-at-arms. These men entered their respective offices with the determination to uphold the traditional "Tiger" spirit.

Brann, Lichtenberg and Crowley, block L.-W. men, were our leading athletic lights. They formed a strong foundation upon which to base our future athletic hopes. These men did stellar work on our championship Rugby team. Kellerher, Brann and Crowley ably represented us in S. F. A. L. track meet; while Maas, Carley and Schneider concentrated their activities on basketball. Brann, as usual, upheld our honor in the swimming tank. We are represented in the Camera Club, Debating Society and baseball team.

It is our ardent hope to follow up this excellent start with greater enthusiasm. We know that there is an abundance of undeveloped talent among us. The above mentioned men who have made such an excellent showing in their preferred branches should inspire all of us to further endeavor. Don't be slackers, get into the game!

The class of June, 1921, has finished, due to the "enforced vacation," a short but nevertheless successful semester. To the class officers much credit is due for our success. President Whitman proved himself worthy of his title. O'Connell played the role of vice-president while George and Doidge divided the honors of secretary and treasurer respectively. Loudon, as sergeant-at-arms, was responsible for the order which prevailed at the meetings.

We were represented in athletics by some stars and abundant promising material. Lloyd Johnson and Quinn gained places on the football squad. Imhof has been elected captain of the 100-pound basketball team. Whitman, Hamilton and Imhof helped '21 J bring points in the track interclass. Whitman and Hamilton made the Tiger track team.

Debating aroused great interest but our teams did not get any further than inter-section debates on account of the lack of time. With a better chance next year, '21 expects to make a good showing. At the Lowell rally our stunt proved a success, due to some fellows like Taylor, Young, Imhof and Byrne, who will try anything once. So you see '21 J has held its own.



THE first semester of the Christmas class of 1921 has been a complete success. On entering L.-W. we were organized by the faculty in the usual way, under the following officers: Simonds, '18 X, president; Stone, '19 X, vice-president and Soiland, '20 X, secretary-treasurer. As a result of the work done by these men we made an excellent showing in all school activities, despite the fact that our class is small.

Following our first six months, we were put on our own merits, having our own class members in office as follows: Thompson, president; Coburn, vice-president; Hazlett, secretary; Gilmore, treasurer; Carney, sergeant-at-arms; and Cerkel, the class representative on the Board of Control.

Taking advantage of a little experience, we struck out for the various activities that seemed to require the most support. As a result, McKlem made the football team, while several other "scrubs" played on the second squad. In the track interclass we were a close second, and in basketball we expect to put out strong teams. Several of our fellows are great when it comes to a "tune," so, naturally, they gave their earnest support to the orchestra.

We hope that our second year will be even a greater success than the one just past.

The "low" Freshmen have finished their first six months at L.-W. It has been a most eventful semester for us, and, thanks to the earnest efforts of the upper classmen appointed by the faculty to handle our class affairs, we are now prepared to take care of ourselves during the next term. The fellows who worked so hard to inaugurate us into the spirit of the school and got us started on the right tracks were: President, Greenberg, '19 J; vice-president, Tuttich, '20 J; and secretary-treasurer, Hornlein, '21 J. To these fellows we feel greatly indebted for their unselfish efforts.

The class did well in athletics and it is expected that we will develop much material for future school teams. At the Lowell rally we were ably represented by Ashman, and we have supported every school activity to the best of our ability. Much progress has been made under the leadership of President Greenberg. We are now working on a design for our class numerals.

We take this opportunity to thank the '20 J class for the reception and party given us. We greatly appreciate what they have done to acquaint us with the ways of the school.

ORGANIZATIONS



The Student's Exchange

The Student's Exchange, otherwise known as the "Hock Shop," has completed a successful business year. The officers of the exchange are: J. Eichorn, C. Kraut and H. Jaencke. Eichorn succeeded in improving the exchange with a new system of book-keeping, supplanting the older and more confusing method. Kraut has put in much time in the handling and exchanging of the materials, while Jaencke is an able assistant.

The "hock shop" now sells all school tools to the students directly, and this has netted \$27 to the treasury. The total sales this term amounting to \$115, making a profit of \$35. The exchange also assisted greatly in collecting materials such as clothes, newspapers and miscellaneous junk for the Belgium Relief Society of which the school is a member.

The officers of the exchange wish to take this opportunity to thank the Student Body in the support rendered and also to the faculty for their co-operation and kind advice.

The L.-W. Camera Club

For the benefit of the lower classmen, we call their attention to the great opportunity open for members of the Camera Club. Its four large dark rooms contain an excellent enlarging camera and a full equipment for printing and developing, not to mention the value of the interesting lectures and enjoyable hikes. Frequent invitations are extended to the Camera Society by the California Camera Club, through the courtesy of Miss Boulware.

The officers of the club are: E. Merrill, '20, president; Soiland, '20, vice-president; Black, '21, secretary; Solomon, '21, sergeant-at-arms; and Kast '18 X, treasurer.

The L.-W.-L. Debating Society

Owing to the war, there has been no University Debating League. In its stead, Mr. Hansell and President Ehrer, '19, have planned to form a San Francisco Debating League. This league may be composed of only Lowell, Humboldt and Lick-Wilmerding, although all the schools have been informed of the plan. The short term has compelled the interclasses to be postponed, but they will be run off in quick order after the first of the year.

The Glee Club

The Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Glee Club has entertained at the rallies and various other school "jinks" throughout the past semester. It is up to every Tiger who possesses any kind of a singing voice to join the Glee Club and cause mirth. Whistle if you cannot sing.

Miss von der Mehden, the leader, has made the organization a "howling success." During the term the meetings have been well attended. No officers were elected, due to the short term.

At Lux, Miss von der Mehden is holding a girls' chorus class which entertained at the Lux Christmas fireside rally with Christmas corals and popular war songs.

Wake up, fellows, the Glee Club needs you!

The L.-W.-L. Orchestra

The orchestra of Lick-Wilmerding has combined with that of Lux, and under the leadership of Miss von der Mehden and Manager Hansen of the '19 class, has had a fairly successful year. The members have worked hard throughout the semester and deserve credit for their earnest effort. The orchestra meets every Thursday afternoon at the Lux "Reading Room," and has proved the success of their efforts by the good music given at the rallies.

The members are: Violins, Hansen, '19, Loeserman, '20, R. Williams, '22, and Ruth Boyd; cornets, E. Carney, '21, and W. Rice, '22; E. Golob at the 'cello; C. Knipe, '19, and H. Mathis, '21, at the piano, while A. Greenberg, '19, handles the drums. With this clever squad, the orchestra looks promising and is an activity valuable to the Student Body.

Another organization not to be forgotten is the Jazz Band. We leave it to anyone who has the right idea of life, what good is a party without dancing, and what good is dancing without good snappy music? That is the motto of our L.-W. Jazz Band, "Good music." Under the able leadership of Charles Knipe, the band made a name for itself.

At the Junior-Freshman reception at Lux, the Jazz "bunch" furnished the music for the dancing which helped make the party a complete success. The members are: Knipe, '19, at the piano; Phil Patterson and Ed Ritche, '19, at the banjos; E. Hansen and Will Knorp, '19, violins; E. Merrill, '20, with the mandolin; while Adrian Greenberg, '19, beats the drums.



In Memoriam

NEWTON, JOHN F., "Doc," ex '08, Lieut. in 117th Engineers, killed on August 1st in an accident in New York City. He was on leave after being gassed at the front in France.

KNOX, MERTON H., '17, Lieut. in the Aviation Corps, died August 8th in base hospital at Fort Houston, Texas, from injuries received when his airplane fell at Kelly Field. Lieut. Knox received his commission last May and three days before his death was made an instructor in his corps.

MEHRTENS, RUDOLPH C., ex '15, Private in Engineers, died July 19th of wounds received in action.

JORDAN, LEWIS S., ex '99, Lieut. U. S. N. R., accidentally killed in April on U. S. S. Undaunted, of which he was the Commanding Officer.

TAGGART, FRED, '11, Corp. in U. S. Marine Corps, died in September, of disease, in France.

ARMS, WILLIAM S., ex '11, mechanic in aviation corps, died on November 5th of pneumonia, at Rockwell Aviation Field.

SOMMER, OSCAR, '10, Lieut. Machine Gun Corps, killed in action at St. Quentin on September 13th.

ROBERT, HAROLD W., ex '16, Corporal in Tank Corps, died October 6th from wounds received in action.

MATTHIEU, JULIEN, JR., '12, Ensign in Navy, died at the Navy Ward at the Merritt Hospital in Oakland of pneumonia.

FRANK, CHAUNCEY R., ex '12, Corporal in Infantry, killed in action at Argonne Forest, October 4th.



Doings of the Alumni

THE FIRST affair planned by the board of directors of the Alumni Association was a Hoodoo party, so called because it was given on Friday, September 13, 1918. It was held in the auditorium of the Wilmerding building and was in the nature of an indoor field meet. The different contests, pole-vault, relay races, 30-inch dash and marathon were all josh contests and those present entered heartily into the games.

The group winning the greatest number of points won a prize of a big bag of peanuts which all enjoyed. The contests were held during an intermission of dancing, and several numbers, by some of the dancing class of Mrs. Ben Wigney, were also given. The Witches dance and Colonial dance, with a colored light effect and fancy dresses, were greatly appreciated.

The annual dance and reunion was held on Saturday evening, December 7, 1918, at the Norman Hall, Fairmont Hotel, with about 400 present, and was pronounced a very enjoyable affair.

There was a large sprinkling of our graduates in their uniforms. The board of directors also invited those members of the L.-W.-L. Senior class who wished to go.

On account of its being one of the first dances since the "Flu" epidemic, and because the Alumni affairs are always worth while, the demand for "bids" was greater than the supply.

A hand-painted cup and saucer, donated each year by Louis R. Samish, '99, was raffled and \$20.00 was secured in this way for the loan fund. This loan fund is kept up by the graduates and is used by any student who needs financial aid to the amount of \$12.50 per month. After graduation he repays the amount at his convenience so as to help some other boy over the rough spots while attending school.

All the future affairs will hinge on the return of our boys who are in the service and a grand reunion it will surely be.

Jacinto D. Sagues Writes

MY DEAR ALLEN:

I hereby and herewith acquaint you with the doings of the members of the Alumni Association, of whose whereabouts I happen to be informed.

The Misses McLaughlin and Mantell, of the '15 class, are both "school-marms." The former teaches at the San Francisco Normal School, while the latter is a pedagogue at one of our suburban "houses of knowledge."

E. C. Allsop of the same class, is a "mushroom Ensign" in the U. S. N., while Mel Wank, also of '15, is a "green gob" at the U. C. Naval Unit.

In reference to "Swede" Feldcamp—the football team will tell you. He helped Artie Wynne in the coaching.

Ray Bowes, '14, is a commissioned lieutenant on one of Uncle Sam's submarines, and "Babe" Walker of the same class—captain of the San Francisco Football Champs in 1914—is an ensign in the United States Navy.

"Doc" Anderson, '16, is still a chemist at the South San Francisco steel plant. Another "Gob"—Ira Jacobs, '16.

We have it that Miss E. Henzel, '16, is engaged to be married—Good Luck and "many happy returns."

And here is "Hardluck" Benninger. He tried to enlist in every Allied army but was turned down because he couldn't make weight. "Ain't that tuff?"

Bert Harrington, '17, is a second class petty officer in the radio class from Mare Island.

George Duncan, '17—another "Gob." He is at the Union Iron Works.

Bob Devereaux is—doing—well. H. Eichorn—like many of us—has not been able to see action after having prepared for it.

W. Bepler and "Goldie" Goldstone are at San Pedro Naval Training Station.

"Ed" Newmark is on his way "Over There" on a transport. He is a musician in the United States Navy.

"Swede" Mulford is, as usual, "bumming"—————(smokes).

Think of it—David Olney is a marine stationed at Mare Island.

Of the members of the Eighteen Class, first and foremost is—"Ed" Kessler, ex-manager of the "Life" and "retired business man." He wears a pair of overalls in a machine shop and says he likes it.

L. McElroy is a "cub" reporter on an insurance publication. He'll make a fine "detekatiff!"

Elsie McKenna is "to home," helping her mother, so we are told.

Francine Artigues, when last heard from, had the "Flu."

H. Cleveland is "somewhere—someplace"—a "Gob" in the U. S. Navy.

"Cocky" Ayres—He is in S. A. T. C., at St. Ignatius "University."

"Fat" Anderson is a retired "coal-passer" of the Hooligan Navy.

Dora ("Babe") Bucher—a retired housewife is now a dashing Yeomanette.

"Ad" Carley is still "building ships" for Uncle Sam.

Earle Brown—famous cartoonist, says he has a good job—and we believe him.

Stella Galli—When you need information concerning books you'll find her at the librarian's desk in the Main Library.

"Ad" Hoenig is still pursuing "fairies."

"Gus" Holz—another "Gob" from the U. C. Naval Unit.

"Willie and Louie"—the Kemnitzer brothers, until recently in the U. C. Naval Unit, have "shipped for France" on a French steamer. They want to see Berlin.

Annette Tassi has a good position with a local lawyer.

Tessie Reilly—she wants to become a private secretary. We wish her luck.

Hosmer Rolph—he "almost" got in the "tanks."

Gilbert Spooner has enlisted in the Army.

Charles Collins is another member of the S. A. T. C. at St. Ignatius "University."

George Bastein is drafting for the Shipping Board.

The "Honorable Red Head" George F. J. Carney, besides being a crack athlete of the Olympic Club, is the best all-around draftsman of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

P. S.—The above information has been compiled without the permission of the individuals concerned, by the ex-editor of the "L.-W.-L. Life," Jacinto D. ("Jack") Sagues, chief assistant of the "Honorable Red Head" George F. J. Carney. All rights of the individuals concerned to kick, have been "reversed"!!

California

THE WAR has thinned the ranks of the Alumni at California appreciably. Of the large number that were enrolled here before the "scrap," practically half remain—and even that half is in the Service—or rather was, for by the time this is read the demobilization of the S. A. T. C. will be completed. The grads still here think of each other as Lick-Wilmerding men, and they often get together and recall the old days.

"Mel" Wank and Heynemann of the class of 1915, are in the Naval Unit, doing their best to get out.

"Rosy" Rosenberg and Seth Klingler, of 1916, are also in the Gob suit, while Sid Cahen of the same class wears the Stetson with Q. M. hat cord.

"Del" Murphy, Mutch, "Swede" Hansen and Hal Havre, of 1917, are also in "this man's army." More than that, "Swede" is president of the Sophomore class and assistant yell-leader, which speaks well for "Swede."

The 1918 class, being the last out, is the best represented. The Naval Unit claims Harry Holtz, Frank Kaye, and Louis Kemnitzer. The army has Barth and "Jerry" Nauman. The latter was sent to the Heavy Artillery Officers' School at Fortress Monroe, but the Kaiser quit too soon for him to realize his commission.

That is about all that is to be said about the Alumni at California. Next semester the old gang will begin coming back and no doubt the next issue of the "Life" will tell of the return of the Lick-Wilmerding Alumni and of the part they played in the "past argument."

Stanford

IT CERTAINLY does look as though a good part of Lick-Wilmerding has been transferred to Stanford. When the semester opened on October first, graduates from classes for several years seemed to flock to the Campus. When the personal roster of the Stanford S. A. T. C. was completed it contained the names of twenty or more L.-W. men.

Looking over the names of men in "D" company, one finds those of "Phil" Beckman and Leo Gianini, both of the '17 class of L.-W. They are registered in mechanical engineering and are the two fellows who made quite a name for themselves and L.-W. in scholarship here last year. "Dutch" Meyer and Clarence Lynn, also L.-W. '17, are "D" Company men and are following up their work in chemistry. Ralph Lund, '16, is another chemist from L.-W.

"A" Company's roster shows the names of Harry Clervi, '17; Arthur Planz, '17; Carl Lund, '16; Wallace Thatcher, '16; and Charley Garat, '18. Thatcher was sent to Camp McArthur soon after registering here, so he was not with us very long. All these fellows were working hard and the chances are that if the war had lasted much longer they would all have seen O. T. C.'s, as would also many other "grads" from L.-W. now at Stanford.

Elmer (Daffy) Maillot, '17; Ted Maas, '17; Jack Shaler, '18; "Duke" Duchel, '18, and Francis Minchel, ex-'18, were in "B" Company. They were all registered for technical courses, Shaler in chemistry and the others for different engineering courses. Minchel left Stanford for the heavy artillery camp at Fortress Monroe and the others expected to leave soon when the armistice was signed.

Robertson, '17; John Garat, '18; Maurice Valci, '18, and Grant Merrill, '18, were in "C" Company.

Marie Merrill, '18, is the only Lux representative at Stanford at present.

Things in the S. A. T. C. were just getting adjusted after the "Flu" epidemic when the signing of the armistice took all the pep out of it. The fellows were just getting used to army life. Classes in bayonet work, musketry, theoretical military tactics, etc., were progressing nicely when demobilization orders changed the outlook of the whole thing.

The Students' Army Training Corps has now been disbanded and college life will soon be back to normal. The unsettled conditions made college work rather difficult. The time allowed for classes was cut in two by so much of the military duties (including K. P.) that some of the fellows left for this quarter rather than trust their fates to the examinations that have a bad habit of coming around about this time. Quite a representation are "sticking" and trusting to Providence, as it were.

Let it be known that the bunch here intended to see that L.-W.-Lowell football game in a body, but the quarantine during the epidemic put a stop to that. Needless to say everyone thought the result was O. K. We knew you could do it! Quite a crowd from Stanford got back to S. F. for the Alumni dance at the Fairmont. We all thought it was "pretty fine."

ATHLETICS



Lynn's Statement



Captain "Tiny" Lynn

and energy to the building up of a first team, that it may be a credit to their school.

To the coaches I give my heartiest thanks. The work of "Artie" Wynne and "Swede" Feldcamp will always be remembered. No one will forget the services of two former players, "Robbie" Robertson and "Daffy" Malliot.

We have attained our goal. We have won what we started out to win—the Championship. We have shown that we are a game, cheerful, loyal team; a credit to our Alma Mater. But most of all, we have proven the "Tiger Spirit" is not dead.



Coach "Artie" Wynne

L.-W.-L. LIFE

COMMENTING about this year's season, I must lay the greatest stress upon the work of the squad itself. A more agreeable and willing bunch of fellows could not be found. They followed the instructions of Coaches Wynne and Feldcamp with the most profound endeavor.

For the first team I must say that they passed through their defeats and victories with a chronic sort of cheerfulness; a cheerfulness that marked their sportsman-like desire to win fairly. When the team faced defeat, in the first league game, they came through from behind, with colors flying, winning on sheer pluck, displaying a courage that was gratifying to the "old grads." The Lowell game was a case of spirit defeating the supposedly better team.

To the second squad I heartily give my admiration and thanks. Here is spirit in its truest form—spirit that we should be proud of. Here is a team with no hope of personal glory or praise who dedicate their time

Wynne's Statement

FOR two consecutive years hard work and earnest endeavor have brought the San Francisco football championship to Lick-Wilmerding. A small, light, inexperienced Rugby team, due to constant practice and the use of some brains, developed sufficient skill to defeat their heavier opponents.

To the players credit must be given, not alone for their skill, but also for the gameness they showed, whether in front or behind. "Tiny" Lynn led his team well and played as a captain should. The good work of the forwards was in a great measure due to the coaching of "Swede" Feldcamp, '15.

For future years let us remember that the chief factor in winning the championship is steady practice—the surest road to victory.

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Forster's Statement



Manager "Kook" Forster

A. L. Rugby Championship.

Too much credit cannot be given to Artie Wynne for his unselfish and untiring efforts in coaching the squad, and I wish to take this opportunity to thank both of these men for what they have done—they are true models of loyal Tigers.

IT is with considerable pleasure and pride that I take this opportunity to extend my thanks to the Student Body for the loyal support they gave the football team throughout the entire season.

The team went down to defeat in the first practice game. This was naturally discouraging but the squad only fought harder in their daily work-outs, the Student Body showed more interest, and on the whole, I believe this defeat was directly responsible for much of our later success.

The greatest credit for our victories must not be given to the team but to the men who coached it. Coach Wynne came out every night and coached us until dark, while Coach Feldcamp, leaving his private business and personal interests, turned out to every practice, and with great patience and earnest endeavor drummed and hammered football into our heads until we gained the reputation of being the only team in the league that could follow and cover up under high kicks effectively—the sterling defense that won for us the S. F.



A Review of the Season

EARLY in September, Coach Wynne called the first practice of the L.-W. football squad. The material was very light and what was probably the greatest handicap was the fact that the fellows were practically all new to the game. Only five veterans from last year's winning combination returned to school, so the team had to be built up from inexperienced and light players.

After training but a week the team tackled Oakland High and was defeated, 8-0. In this game lack of experience was the glaring fault and promptly at the next practice the squad started to overcome those weaknesses which had been in evidence.

Soon after this first game, the team stacked up against Hitchcock Military Academy and carried away their first victory. The forward's worked hard and fed the ball to the backfield for long gains.

The final game of the practice season, before the S. F. A. L., was against Richmond, which game also resulted in an L.-W. victory. This fighting bunch of Tigers was now ready to cop the S. F. A. L. Rugby title.

All through the season, the light weight of the team was in evidence, but clean fighting made up the difference. Coach Wynne's unfailing efforts, "Swede" Feldcamp's welcome help, and Captain "Tiny" Lynn's unselfish work, both on and off the field, made possible the winning of the Championship.

Manager Forster arranged the best set of practice games that the short time permitted and deserves considerable credit for the way he managed the team.

In the first scheduled game we piled up against Poly's heavy team but experienced little difficulty in downing the Red and Black Ruggers. The game ended with L.-W. on the long end of a 6-3 score.

On the following Saturday we slushed around with Cogswell in an uninteresting game played on a mud covered field. The Tiger backs scored almost at will. The forward pack followed up well and played exceptionally fine rugby in the loose rucks. The game ended, L.-W., 18; Cogswell, 0.

To decide the championship the Tigers had yet to meet Lowell. Critics regarded our chances of victory as very slim, but these same dopesters failed to see one *quality* in the Tiger combination that was absent in the Lowell team. The golden quality of the old L.-W. fighting spirit, the spirit that never dies, the spirit that has brought honor and championships into our midst, the spirit of success, of triumph and of everlasting hope. So it was when our scrappy Tigers clashed with Lowell for championship of the S. F. A. L. When they emerged from the fray as victors, there was not the least partical of doubt that that Rugby match was equal to any college game and served to show the the advance Rugby has made since first introduced into our high schools.





Tosi's First Try.

"We shoved them back with ease"...



Our 'lil Captain.

Foster's run.



Reich's Strategy.

Lick-Wilmerding 6; Polytechnic 3

FULL of fight the Tigers appeared on the field for their first game for the title. Poly was heavy but did not know as much Rugby as the L.-W. combination. A preliminary talk by the referee, a whistle, and the game was on. But what was the matter with the Tiger team? "Poly" had swept them to their own goal and with a wild plunge had crossed the line. A try at convert failed. The tussle was on again. This time it was a different fight. With the support of the entire L.W. band of rooters the Tigers rushed their heavier opponents off their feet and drove them within the shadow of their goal.

Near the end of the first half, with about twenty yards to go the ball came out of the ruck, and Tosi, the Tiger wing forward, crashed over for a try. The bleachers went wild. Lynn failed to convert from a difficult angle and soon after the gun shot off for the end of the first half.

After ten minute rest the second spasm began. The ball passed in Tiger territory and then on Poly's side. But, little by little, the Red and Black men weakened and slackened under the awful pace. Short passing rushes by the L.-W. backfield and fancy dribbling by the forwards placed the pigskin nearer and nearer the goal. Poly now resorted to kicking out of danger, but the pill was rushed right back. At last a long pass to Sudden made a try seem possible but a fumble spoiled this chance. Soon after, the leather was snapped to Forster, the other wing, and "Kook" went over for the winning try. A few minutes later the final gun went off and the game was over.

Captain Lynn played his usual good game and fed the backfield time and time again for long gains. Sudden, at wing, played a snappy game, as did Dixon at first five. Mitchell played a "bea 'uva" game among the forwards while Tosi was the outstanding star among the pack.

Lick-Wilmerding, 18; Cogswell, 0

THE day of the Cogswell game dawned stormy. A handful of rooters were out to see the Folsom Street lads go down before the Tigers' smashing rushes to the tune of 18-0. However, what few rooters were out, made noise.

The whistle shrilled and the game was on. The ball kept see-sawing from one end of the field to the other with neither team able to get an advantage. Finally Eddie "Thudden," the Tigers' speedy wing, went over for a try, but the score was not allowed, due to a forward pass. This sharpened Lick-Wilmerding's appetite for victory. Soon after this a try was made, the convert failed, and the first half was over.

All during the game rain would come down for a few minutes and then stop, wait a short while and start again. Shortly after play started the field was soaked and the pigskin was about as easy to handle as an eel.

The whistle for the second half started the teams into the wind and rain for another soaking. This half was all for the Tigers. Time and again the pill was carried over for tries. Again chances for scoring were lost by the difficulty of handling

(Continued on Page 66)



Open Scrimmage.



Walton Tackles.



Tosis Second Try.



Tigers Passing Rush



Anybodys Game.

Lick-Wilmerding, 8; Lowell, 5

THE Lick-Wilmerding Ruggers continue to hold the S. F. A. L. football trophy. Saturday, October 12, in one of the peppiest and scrappiest exhibitions of "pigskin pushing" ever witnessed at Ewing Field, the Black and Gold again annexed the title by defeating Lowell 8 to 5.

Old Sol added to the occasion by coming out in all his glory, with the result that it seemed about 150 degrees in the shade. Despite the heat, the rooting sections of both schools were large and the warm ozone didn't absorb their jazz either.

At the beginning of the first half, Lowell was on the defensive, but as the game advanced the leather was first in Lick's territory, then in Lowell's. The forwards of both teams were strong and the backfields used the lines a great deal, to good advantage.

Alex Tosi of Lick and Jerry Vilain of Lowell were the stars, the former having the edge on the bargain. A moment before the whistle blew, ending the first half, Tosi took the pill over behind the posts for the first score. Captain "Tiny" Lynn, who by the way played a wonderful game for Lick, then converted, ending the half 5 to 0.

At the kick off, which started the second installment, Vilain caught the leather and carried it 25 yards before he was downed. Later on he nabbed the ball in Lick's territory, and swerving through the black and gold backfield, ran 75 yards for a touchdown. Then he added to this feat by placing the pigskin prettily between the posts for a conversion, tying the score. Shortly before the end, Tosi tucked the leather away and "jazzed" off about 60 yards of terra firma for a score. Lynn failed to convert, making the score 8 to 5.

Lichtenberg of Lick played a good game, his kicking being a feature. Eddie Sudden, the speedy wing, did some rambling, as did Forster at second-five.



The Second Team

MUCH of the credit of winning the S. F. A. L. Championship is due to the fellows of the Lick-Wilmerding second squad, for the way they helped the first team throughout the entire season. Without a second string line-up, the first team would have suffered from the lack of helpful practice and might not have been scrappy enough to win the city's football honors.

With little hope of playing any outside teams, these fellows stamped out to practice every night and surely did receive the hardest knocks of the season in their scrimmages against the first squad.

The second team had but one chance to show its ability and worth, when they made Lowell's second string-men eat dust at Ewing Field by a 6 to 0 score, after the L.-W. "big" team had wrestled the football title from the Lowell "Varsity."

The second team game was hardly under way when Crowley, playing half, crossed the line for L.-W.'s first try. The kick for conversion failed. The first half ended with Lick having advantage in the game, not alone in score, but having outplayed and outclassed their heavier opponents throughout the entire period. To show some real Rugby and class, Ed Hildebrand smashed through the Lowell forward pack for a second try. Again the attempt at conversion failed and the game ended L.-W., 6; Lowell, 0; when time was called.

Coach Wynne has always spoken highly of the second squad and showed his appreciation of their efforts on various occasions by shifting a likely candidate to the "big" team whenever any real ability was shown.

The American Team

AFTER keeping out of the game for some eight or nine years, L.-W. won the first American football game it has attempted by a 19 to 0 score from Potter's "Prep" School. The Tiger's team was nothing more than a pick-up squad from the lighter men of the Rugby team. The game was proposed merely to see the "old game" back again.

This L.-W. American team, the first in nine years, learned its football in about two hours of actual practicing from our old stand-by, Coach "Artie" Wynne.

The fellows were inexperienced but willing fighters and with but two days practice they stacked up against Potter, singing that old-time battle cry: "Play the Game to Win."

The game itself was exciting from the whistle to the gun. Potter won the toss and L.-W. kicked. Our opponents were held for downs and the Tiger line got the ball. Right off the bat Lick-Wilmerding shoved Potter back to their own goal line for the first try, and but for fumbles, by the Black and Gold team, due to inexperience, the score might have been greater. Eddie Sudden managed to crash through for two touchdowns, one in the first and the other in the second spasm. Alex Tosi also added a touchdown to the L.-W. score in the second half. Captain Lichtenberg, Johnson, and Walton played well for the Tigers, displaying some "pretty good" interference. The team lined up as follows: (L. E.) Crowley; (L. T.) DeFerrari; (L. G.) Walton; (C.) Tuttich; (R. G.) Carley; (R. T.) Tait; (R. E.) Johnson; (Q. B.) Lichtenberg; (L. H.) Sudden; (R. H.) Tosi; (F.) Bermingham.

Lux Basketball

“LIBERTY” bat-ball, volley-ball, and basket-ball, especially the latter, were progressing rapidly toward victorious class and school teams until the closing of school during the epidemic. Nevertheless, we shall continue our work with twice as much enthusiasm.

The first of these sports was formerly considered our minor sport, but with our new coach these games will soon be played with real pep and strength.

Through the earnest efforts and sincere work of Miss Gardner we have learned many new facts about basketball tactics. The season opened this year with fine expectations, and plenty of good material, which greatly encouraged our coach.

Due to the graduation of the 1918 class, we have lost four of our star players. But, remember the old saying, “Where there is life there is hope!” We certainly have the “life” and therefore girls, we need not worry about these vacancies, for they will be filled by loyal and ambitious, as well as excellent players.

With Annette Schraft as captain, Bertha Niefeld as manager, and the co-operation of the entire Student Body, we again stand a chance of winning the San Francisco Championship.

Interclass has just been completed with the Seniors on the “top.” The Freshmen met the Seniors with much vigor and good sportsmanship. Due to the fast and straight passing, and excellent work of Annette Schraft, one of the Senior’s forwards, the team played to victory. The final score was 26-3 in favor of the Seniors. But, nevertheless, Elen Knoles, a scrappy Scrub guard, kept the Senior forwards hustling.

The Sophomores then clashed with the Juniors. This also was a game full of enthusiasm. With Gladys Buck, forward, and the alertness of the centers, the Juniors were enabled to carry off the honors.

Due to the climatic conditions this game was played at Wilmerding. The final score was 21-13. We take this opportunity to thank Miss Marcus for acting as referee.

The final game of the interclass was a fight for numerals. This was a grand tussle between the Seniors and Juniors. Thursday, December 12, the Seniors marched off the roof garden, puffing and rejoicing over their victory, which meant, “Now I get my numerals.” The score was 41-21.

Interscholastic games will be played at later dates than previously.

Girls! again we ask your utmost support in future practices and games.

Everybody turn out and be real “Tigers!”

THE COGSWELL GAME

(Continued from Page 64)

the mud-covered leather. Sudden went over again, and this time no decision was made against his try.

The game was becoming drawn-out when the gun cracked for the close. This fight over, the Tiger combination was now ready for its final game. “Tiny” Lynn, Teddy Riech and Johnson stood out in the backfield, while “Terrible” Tosi, Birmingham and “Cyclone” Thompson showed good form in the pack.

L.-W. Basketball

BASKETBALL at Lick-Wilmerding is progressing in fine shape. The teams that will represent L.-W. in the coming S. F. A. L. have been practicing regularly and faithfully. There is no reason why they should not be contenders for the Championship. If any of the games are to be won by fight and school spirit alone, the small fellows should win, but lack of experience lessens this team's chances.

Whether the odds are against them or not, the fellows will always fight until the last gun. If the teams are given faithful support by the Student Body, they will uphold the school's name. The teams that will compete in the Junior division are the 100, 110, and the 120-lb. classes. The meet will be held during the first week of January. The 130, 145 and unlimited teams will have their tournament after the weights are run off.

At the beginning of the season the 120-lb. quintette began practice. So far they have had three games, winning them all by the following scores: L.-W., 27, Berkeley Y. M. C. A., 11; L.-W., 18, Sacred Heart, 16; L.-W., 33, Sacred Heart, 11. "Herb" Jaencke was elected captain and plays a slashing game at guard along with "Dutch" Pichel. "Skin" Alter holds down center and generally gets the jumps. "Lucky" Meyer and "Dynamite" Dickinson are the point getters. Dyson, Mills and Whitman are always on hand to go in as subs.

The 110-lb. team, although slow in getting started, has a scrappy bunch of fellows out for positions. They have had no practice games to date but will be up and at 'em all the time. "Scrappy" Carrigan was elected captain and with "Noisy" Thompson, the guard positions are well taken care of. "Red" Cerkle and Schneider alternate at center. "Cutie" Maas and "Kid" Granucci hold down the forward positions while George is always on hand to give advice.

The 100-lb. squad, although small, make up in fight what they lack in size. These fellows have lost a few practice games through inexperience and size but they certainly are fighters. "Hercules" Imhof was elected to captain the team. He and Cobby play forward. Sherwood jumps center, with Haslett and Aghem guards.

Tennis

DURING the past term all athletic activities have been successful at Lux, and tennis was no exception to this "rule." The Lux double team carried off the city's tennis honors. The team was composed of Helen and Dot Hopkins. This pair worked in perfect "synchronism" and for their hard work were rewarded their block L.'s.

The scores were: Girls' High-Lux, 6-4; 6-4. The second game was with Lowell. Lux "pulled the game out of the fire" and came through with a 6-3; 5-7; 8-6 score. Mission High defaulted and the final game was played with "Poly;" another victory for Lux.

Owing to the absence from school of Johanna Gunzburger, Lux was not represented in the tennis singles. The interclass will soon start and some keen competition is expected. Dorothea Hopkins was elected manager.

L.-W. Track Team

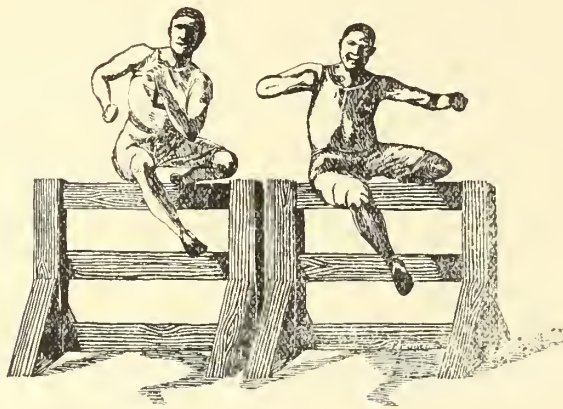
AS THE unlimited track meet was postponed this fall, L.-W. was only represented on the cinder path by a weight team. The weight divisions have had a fairly successful season. Under Captain Johnnie Mullan, the track squad defeated Cogswell in the first duel meet of the year. Some good form was shown; the Tigers piling up 91 points to Cogswell's 54. Captain Mullan, Sudden and Thompson pulled in some 35 points between them and proved their value to the team.

In the S. F. A. L. meet, held at the Stadium, L.-W. finished third to Poly and Lowell, with 37 points. The Tiger team performed well under the prevailing conditions, the "flu" having kept our main point-getters from running. In this meet Captain Mullan accomplished what he had been striving for, for three long years, the 130-lb. high jump. On taking this event he won his block L.-W. Charles E. Sudden and Corneps were the individual stars of Lick-Wilmerding, taking two seconds in the 75 and 300-yard dashes and first in the 440, respectively.

Had it not been for the epidemic it might have been a tale of who would have finished second to L.-W. But this piece of ill-luck did not discourage the squad altogether, for they will scrap just that much harder toward bringing the S. F. A. L. track honors home to Lick-Wilmerding next fall.

In the interclass meet the Seniors showed their superior form by winning in a close and exciting tussle from the Sophs by a 51 to 48 score. The '20 class with 40 points came third, while train as hard as they could, the Scrubs failed to live up to the Freshmen reputation.

Fellows, do not forget track will be here soon again, and if you will only get out and back it up we will again put out the championship teams, as L.-W. has done in the past.





JOKES

В. В. СТУДЕНКО

IN HOME

Mrs. Higley—"Why is it that palaces are not built anymore?"

G. Clayburgh—"Because there are no more kaisers to live in 'em."

E. Otto—"Oh, 'Pete,' are you going home united?"

G. Peterson—"Well, I should hope so."

PERHAPS

Wife—"Why do they always say, 'Dame Gossip'?"

Husband—"Dunno, except perhaps they're too polite to drop the 'e'."

WHO WOULD HAVE "THUNK" IT?

"Little Eva" Cuneo (waiting in line for carbooks)—"I'm after these three boys, now don't you girls butt in."

Miss Coffin (in seminar pantomime)—"Miss Wickersham, will you make a cake?"

Mart—"Which recipe shall I use."

"Hilde"—"They tell me your watch has a mystery connected with it?"

Hobson—"Yes, there's a woman in the case."

Cough, and the world suspects you,
Sneeze, and you sit alone.

Doris Gierisch (watching Mr. Wynne put a solid geometry problem on the board)
—"I dont see why they call it solid geometry, I can see right through it."

Jost—"Say, Kook, have you seen a man with one leg by the name of Percy?"

Forster—"I'm not sure; what's the name of his other leg?"

OUT AGAIN

Mr. Plumb—"Now by upsetting this set of tubes I produce a perfect example of Achimede's Law."

Reich—"No use talking, the kid's clever."

Mullan—"Hey, Jost, what's your answer to the fifth problem?"

Reich—"Just a minute and I'll tell you."

Thompson—"I read in a book where a mercury thermometer registers four degrees above the boiling point of Mercury."

Gilbert—"It must have been a hot air thermometer."

Sohl, with a yawn, said to a fisherman: "Time ain't very valuable to you, brother, that's plain. Here I been a-watchin' you three hours and you ain't had a bite."

"Well," drawled the fisherman, my time's too valuable, anyhow, to waste three hours of it watchin' a fellow fish that ain't gettin' a bite."



COMPOSITION BY A "SCRUB"

I like school. I don't like the foundry. I get too dirty. I like my teachers. I don't like to study. My teachers make me study. I don't like my teachers. School is good because it makes you think. I have never thinked before. Algebra is nice because I have a nice teacher. I don't like algebra but it is nice to know it. In algebra you can find a number when you have nothing to find it with. I always let x equal the number. Teacher smiles at me. I think she likes me. I like algebra awfully nice, especially the teacher. I am doing this for English. I like my English teacher nicest of all.

Ginn House Mistress—"What part of the chicken do you wish?"
Scrub—"Some of the meat, please."

GIRLS TO SUIT ALL

The cool girl—Fan; the musical girl—Viola; the restaurant girl—Dinah; the traveling girl—Bertha; the fisherman's girl—Annette; the bookkeeping girl—Ada; the bundle girl—Carrie; the gardener's girl—Lettice; the mischievious girl—Beatrix.

"How is your son doing in college?"
"He seems to be taking a course in housework."
"What makes you think that?"
"He writes that they have him on the scrub eleven."

"Do they ring two bells for school?" asked Schubert's father of his dutiful son, Ray.

"No, father," said Ray; "they ring one bell twice."

The Farmer—"Say, don't you see that sign: 'Private! No Fishing Allowed?'"
Jost—"I never read anything marked 'private'."

Franklin—"Did you ever feel that the world was against you?"
Vic—"Sure, I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk."

"I don't see why that tune haunts me constantly," complained Charlie Kraut who is always humming.

"Because you are forever murdering it!" came the quick reply from Hildebrand.

Frenchy Fesuiet did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.
"It's all right," said his host, "don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite?'"

"Ah, yes," said Frenchy, "I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb; but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"

Usher speaking to Sudden—"Excuse me for waking you, sir, but your snoring is waking up everybody in church."



OVERHEARD AT THE FOOTBALL GAME.

Meyer—"Did you ever notice that the youngest girl in the family is generally the prettiest?"

"Hank" Schubert—"Yes, and all those girls down in front must be the oldest sisters."

A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION

In the physics class Mr. Plumb asked what is the cause of dew.

"Cyclone" Thompson—"Well, the earth turns on its axis once in every twenty-four hours with such rapidity that it perspires and produces dew."

Mr. Plumb closed the proceedings right there.

Gee! but those Stanford "Ex's" were easy—when you stop to think about 'em.

CURIOSITY

Bertha (watching the usual flock around the bulletin board)—"Now what do you suppose that silly bunch of nuts are looking at?"

Nettie—"Oh, this idle curiosity makes me tired. Let's go and see what the idiots are gazing at."

IS IT TRUE?

She—"Why do they always cheer when a football player is hurt?"

He—"So the girls can't hear what he's saying."

Josephus Jelly-fish Jewsharp McPhool,
Imbided his learning at Wilmerding school,
At the age of sixteen, he'd nothing to do,
Except algebra, chemistry, a language or two,
Drawing and shopwork and problems galore,
And for recreation laid down the new floor.

One evening at home his granddad did ask,
"And what sport do you have to lighten your task?"
Then proudly replied Josephus McPhool,
"A *new building* we are erecting at school."
"Why, that is remarkable," answered granddad,
I worked on that flooring when I was a lad."

Friend—"Do not worry about your son; the war's over now and he is in no danger."

Mother—"Oh, isn't he? Well, I suppose you didn't know that his regiment has mustered out and he's gone back to his football team."

Fond Father—"I never played truant when I was a boy."

Juvenile—"No, guess you needed all the education you could get."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE WAR RISK INSURANCE

"I ain't got no book learning, and I hope I am writing for inflammation."

"I received my insurance polish and have since moved my postoffice."

"You have changed my little girl to a boy. Will that make any difference?"

"Please tell me is he living or dead, and if so what is his address?"

"My boy has been put in charge of a spittoon (platoon). Will I get more money now?"

"I have not received my husband's pay and will be forced to lead an immortal life."

"And he was my best supporter."

"I am a poor widow and all I have is in the front."

Extract from a letter from a soldier to his mother: "I am writing in the Y. M. C. A., with the piano playing in my uniform."

Gladys—"Daddy, what did the Dead Sea die of?"

Daddy—"Oh, I don't know, dear."

Gladys—"Daddy, where do Zeppelins start from?"

Daddy—"I don't know."

Gladys—"Daddy, when will the war end?"

Daddy—"I don't know."

Gladys—"I say, daddy, who made you an editor?"

NOTED SAYINGS—

Come you seven.

Got that carticket?

Who is she?

Yea Brother (?)

Il n'a pas de quoi.

Where is your excuse?

Got those pictures Jost?

See you Monday.

Where is "Tiny?"

Seen Keefe?

I'm in for it now.

Let's see your homework.

Lend me a jit.

Who's a liar?

WHAT HAS BECOME OF—

The good ole nickle ham sandwich.

The '18 X class.

The old time pep.

Bill's corner.

Reich in the French class.

Gilbert's last experiments.

The other sixth of the pie.

The war.

2:15 on Wednesdays.

"Lucky" Meyer's "Jane."

Charlie Sohl's bow tie.

The Charlie Kraut "walk."

Tosi's class pin.

Griffin's fourth dimension.

TOO MANY SAWS

"Now, Alex, did you ever see a saw?" "Yes, sir, I saw a saw." "What saw was it you saw, Alex?" "It was a seesaw, sir." "A sea-saucer? Why, Alex, what do you mean?" "I mean a seesaw, sir." "And when did you see the sea?" "I didn't see the sea; I saw the saw, sir." "But how did you see the saucer?" "Why, sir, I never saw the saucer; I saw the seesaw, sir." "Well, my boy, if that's the way you see saws, the less saws you see, the better."

IN PHYSICS

Miss Webster (after explaining "deep" problem)—"Well, is it clear?"

H. Hopkins—"Yes, clear as mud."

Miss Webster (calmly)—"Well, I guess it will cover the ground."

"WHY TEACHERS LOSE THEIR SENSE OF HUMOR"

"Ben Jonson wrote 'The Grey Elegy' in a country churchyard."

"Gravity is when an apple falls to the ground."

"The first step in the process of digestion is in the kitchen."

"Shakespeare is famous for his 'Autobiography of Franklin'."

"Poll tax is taken for the upkeep of electric and telephone poles."

"Homer was one of Shakespeare's great friends and contemporaries."

"The Pope is confined to a vacuum."

Gladys—"Do you really think Shakespeare wrote all those plays they say he did?"

H. Hopkins—"I don't know, but when I die and go to heaven I will ask him."

Gladys—"In case he isn't there, then what?"

H. Hopkins—"Oh well! then you can ask him."

HOW TRUE

"Tiny" Lynn—"What is grander than a fellow you can trust?"

Alex Tosi—"One who will trust you."

Teacher—"Young man, did you expectorate in the waste basket?"

Indignant Soph—"No, sir, I missed it."

"Does your daughter play the piano by ear?"

"No, she uses both hands and both feet, but I don't think she has learned to use her ears."

A kind mother was taking to task her little boy, who had stolen an orange. "Are you not sorry?" "Yes." "Won't you try and do better next time?" Yes; I'll steal two!"

"Good gracious, Alex Tosi!" said Alex's fond mother to her beloved son, "that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard!" "So it is," returned Alex, "it was so greasy that it slipped my memory."

Miss Bertholas—"Why did Adam bite the apple?"

"Bright" Scrub—"Because he didn't have a knife."

Village Pedagogue—"Darwin says we're descended from monkeys."

Dale Russel—"Well, what about it? My grandfather may have been a gorilla, but it doesn't worry me."

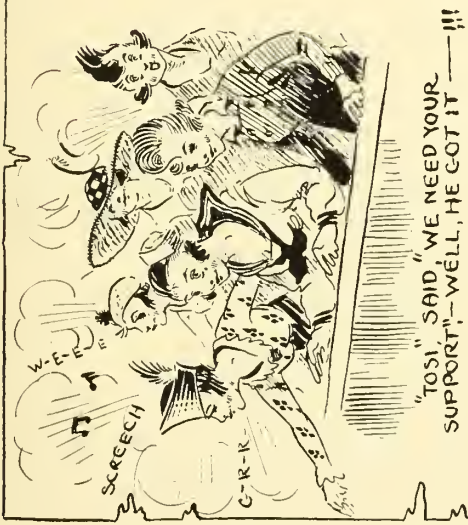
Voice from the fireside—"P'raps not, but it must have worried yer grandmother!"

Teacher—"Define the word 'excavate'."

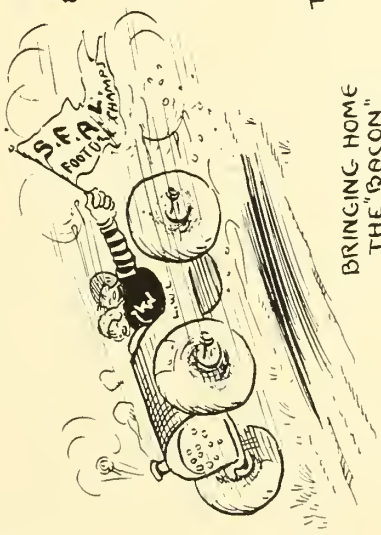
Scholar—"It means to hollow out."

Teacher—"Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used."

Scholar—"The baby excavates when it gets hurt."



"TOSI" SAID, "WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT!"—WELL, HE GOT IT —!!!



BRINGING HOME THE "BACON"

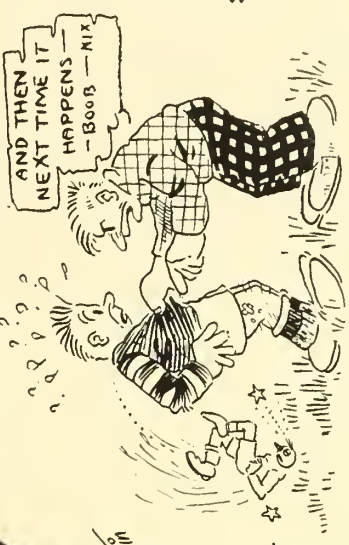


TINY L YNN

THE LIL CAPTAIN WHO BROUGHT THE TEAM THRU TO VICTORY !!!



"LOWELL" HAD WEIGHT, BUT THAT WAS **ALL** — ?!!



"COACH WYNNE DRILLED 'EM HARD AND DRILLED 'EM LONG AND —" \$\$\$

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